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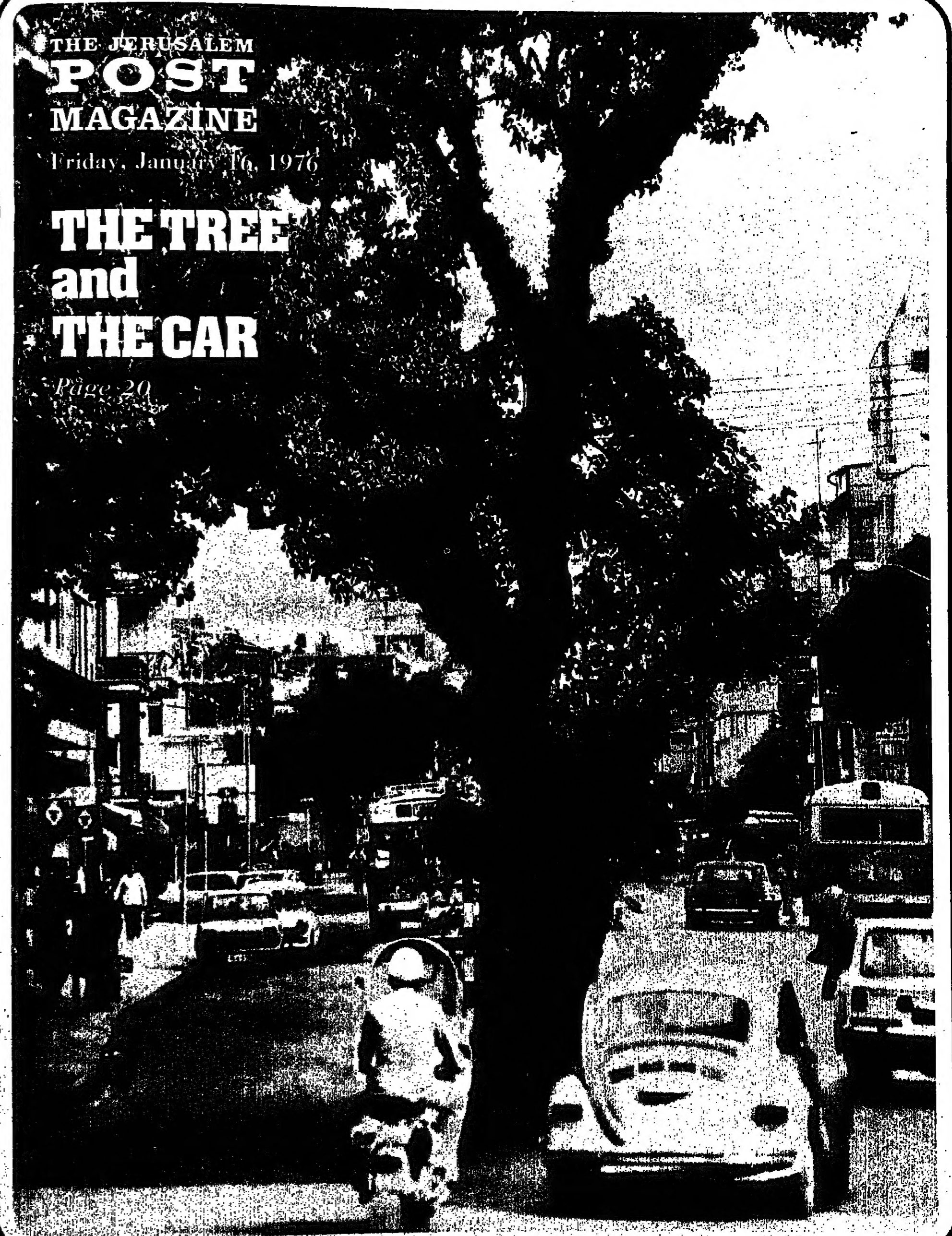
COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_

THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, January 16, 1976

**THE TREE  
and  
THE CAR**

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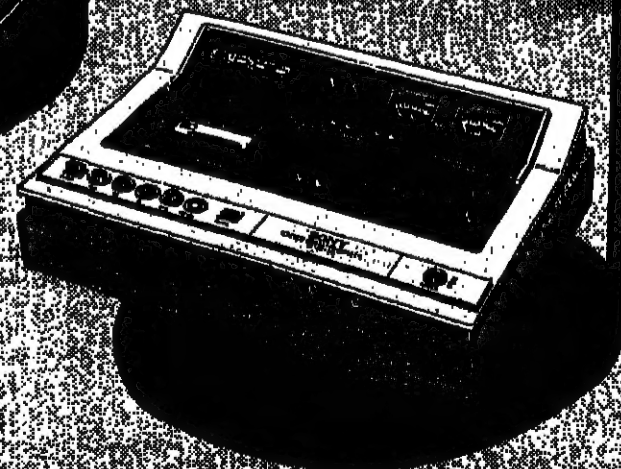




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## THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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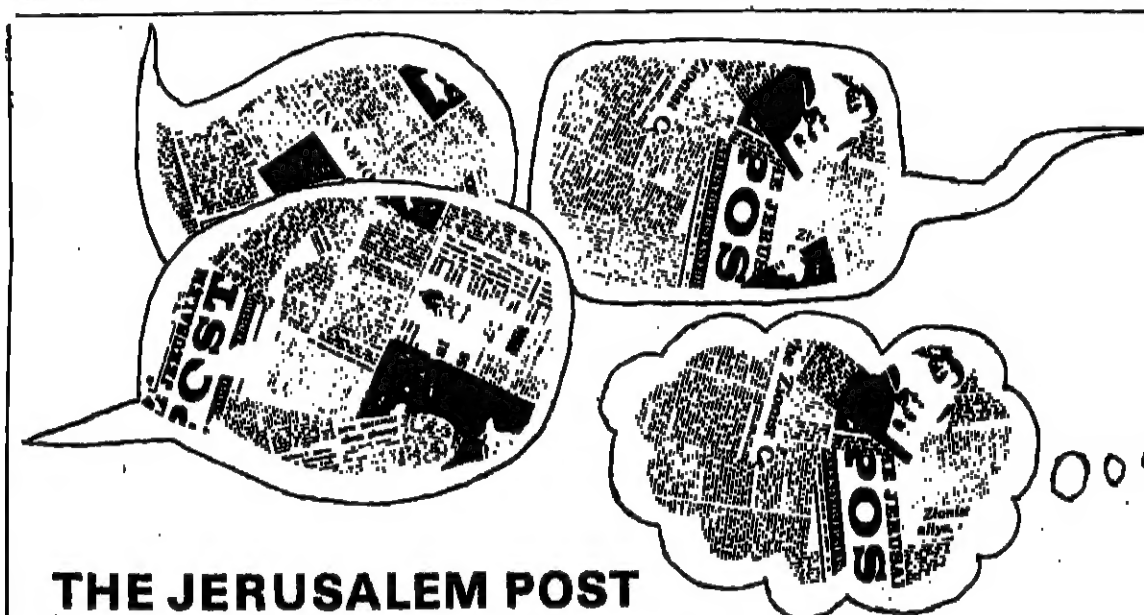
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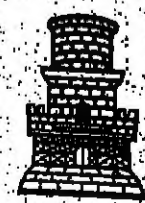


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PAGE FOUR

AN ACQUAINTANCE (said a doctor I spoke to) suffers from a malformation of the nose. That interferes with his breathing and causes headaches. A minor operation would put him right. The earliest date for surgery is — July 1977.

This story recalled the case of a Jerusalemite, a long-time member of Kupat Holim, who had trouble with his prostate gland and was unable to urinate. That was in October 1974. A catheter was inserted to permit urination, he was equipped with 100 antibiotic tablets in case of infection, and was told to wait until the following January, just to be X-rayed.

With budget cuts in the offing, these bottlenecks will surely get worse — or are they really bottlenecks? Perhaps it is possible to reduce waiting-time without extra funds and facilities, by a more efficient use of existing resources. Israel reputedly contains more doctors per thousand inhabitants than any other country. Might it be bureaucracy that accounts for such unconscionable delays?

Dr. Ya'acov Menczel, amiable director-general of the Health Ministry, brings us down to earth. It is not only doctors that are required for the smooth operation of a medical service. One needs nurses, operating-theatre personnel, laboratory assistants, X-ray technicians; and these are in short supply.

Patients anxiously awaiting X-rays were until recently faced with the sight of X-ray rooms deserted in the afternoon, and equipment lying unused. There was no second shift, for lack of radiologists; and the existing radiologists would not put in overtime, because they were not paid enough.

The problem has been overcome, at least in part, Menczel says. After long negotiations, a piece-rate system was devised for overtime that allows better utilization of the available radiologists. But there is still not enough staff to introduce that second shift. Why are X-ray men so few and far between? Two answers: lack of applicants, and lack of budget.

Still, the situation is not out of hand. "One thing you may be sure of," he says, "urgent cases get X-rayed immediately. The problem of waiting-time concerns only those whose condition is less pressing."

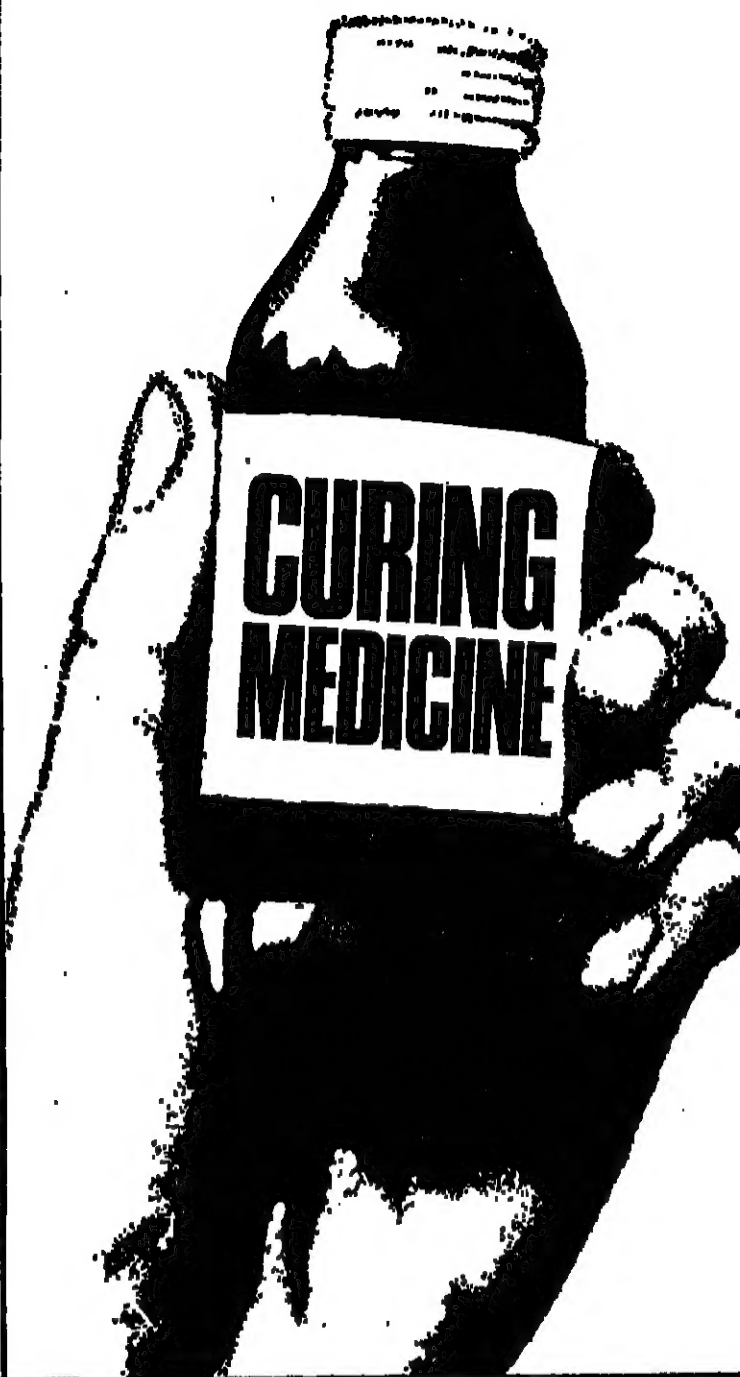
THE IMPROVEMENT in living standards throughout the Western world was expected to reduce the demand for medical attention. It has done the opposite — and that is one of the most irksome problems facing the second half of the 20th Century.

People need the doctor more, because they live longer, and old persons are vulnerable. The progress of medical science makes it possible to postpone death, sometimes at enormous cost. Every kidney patient requiring dialysis in Israel today can get it, which is considered a tremendous achievement; but the expense falls on the economy at large.

Treatment in general is more complex. People expect the best, and expect (not unreasonably) service at their doorstep. They are not willing to travel from Jerusalem to Beer Ya'acov for a gall-bladder operation, or to Ramle for a tonsillectomy.

Building a hospital is like constructing a battleship. It takes eight years to finish, and is liable to be obsolete before it opens. Since 1967 hardly any beds have

Pay something more if you need treatment and something less if you don't. This proposal to adjust health insurance fees is put forward by DAVID KRIVINE as a way to weaken endemic hypochondria, reduce hospital bottlenecks and retard growth of a medical black market.



been added in Jerusalem: the Mount Scopus complex and the new Sha'arei Zedek are still under construction. Yet the population, Jewish and Arab, keeps growing, and demand soars.

There is a striking disparity between the eagerness of the population to receive medical attention, and their reluctance to enter the para-medical occupations that are concerned with giving medical attention to others.

ISRAEL SUFFERS from over-employment (thus too few people go for jobs involving shift-work), and hypochondria (so too many seek the doctor's ministrations). In Britain's National Health Service, the average patient draws seven prescriptions a year; in Austria's service, nine; in Kupat Holim, twenty-four. The NHS member sees his doctor 4-4.5 times a year, the Kupat Holim member, 9.8 times.

Yet Israel has a younger population than Britain, so the disparity may get worse as the population ages. Statistics show that in 1961, 123 people per thousand were admitted to hospitals. In Israel, and last year 139 per thousand.

Patients are sometimes hospitalised without sufficient

doubt, he shrugs his shoulder — and sends the patient to a hospital. The clinics have a potential which is not fully exploited. They are currently under-powered. Patients are sometimes uneasy, do not feel their complaint has been diagnosed properly, keep coming back (which can be another cause of overcrowding). Dr. Podkaminer thinks it important to strengthen the clinics, to build up their medical staff and make them treatment centres in their own right.

Dr. Menczel goes a step further, and advocates "day hospitals." People who can sleep safely at home should not be cluttering the hospitals. Only those in need of supervision round the clock deserve admittance.

IMPROVED PROCEEDINGS can take up a lot of the slack. But even that will not solve all the problem. Kupat Holim has a deficit of IL800m., out of a IL1,250m. budget. Public services in all countries are over-extended. The volume of demand baffles planners. In prosperous Sweden, people commonly have to wait up to two years for an operation. Anything that is free of charge tends to be swamped by ready takers.

There is the well-known example of the old lady queuing for attention in a Kupat Holim clinic, who asks another old lady why she had been missing from her familiar place among the row of waiting patients the day before. Her answer: "Oh, I couldn't make it yesterday, I was ill."

The lavish use of free medical facilities creates not only bottlenecks, but serious financial difficulties as well. Kupat Holim has been paying IL90 a day per patient farmed out to a Government or private hospital. The fee is now being doubled to IL180. The cost per bed-night is rising all the time. The Sick Fund's loss is liable to mount, and the Government will have less money than ever to help bridge it. Is there a way out?

Dr. Menczel has observed that length of stay at a hospital is actually not greater in Israel than in other countries except for the United States.

"Why do people spend less time in the ward there, when it is the richest country in the world?" "Because in the United States, they have to pay."

ISRAELIS PAY, but not for treatment. What they pay is their trade union dues, part of which is seen as their fee for membership of Kupat Holim. The size of this contribution has no connection with their state of health. Suppose that two men have a cold. One stoically goes on working, and gets over it. The other absents himself from his job, attends the clinic, secures medicaments — and pays not a penny more than his self-denying colleague. There is here a financial incentive to waste the doctor's time.

Has this point ever been discussed in the assemblies of Kupat Holim? I consulted Ya'acov Naah, the Sick Fund's Ombudsman. The only thing that has been discussed, he says, is the management's recent proposal to charge a nominal fee of 50 agorot for every prescription; and that was rejected by the Histadrut Executive.

"Would it have helped?" "It would have saved us IL50m.," he said.

The opposition is to the introduction of mercenary considerations into an idealistic system. But the mercenary aspect has seeped in already. It happens

that public patients not infrequently pay cash for a consultation with the doctor, although they are not required to. And — one thing leading to another — they get treated out of turn. The man with the prostate gland had himself X-rayed privately. He was operated upon ahead of the predicted date, with the aid of a suitable honorarium, and feels disillusioned that he was steamrollered into this outlay.

What cannot be defeated should be limited. It is possible to save more than IL50m. for Kupat Holim, though this would involve changing the constitution of the Histadrut. There is a way of combining social security with personal accountability. Instead of making every member unpocket a fixed monthly due to the fund, let him be charged only 75 per cent, and the remaining 25 per cent could be levied through fees officially payable, and not just to the doctor, but to the hospital too.

On the average, each member will pay the same amount of money as he contributes now through his membership fee. The person who is often ill will pay more than the average, the person who is never ill will pay less. It sounds unfair to the sick person; but he would have some sense of responsibility for his own condition. He is paying the individual doctor, he is buying the particular medicine. He can save money for himself if he refrains from making unnecessary calls on the doctor's time. And for extreme cases there could be (as suggested in a bill recently submitted to the U.S. Congress by Senators Long and Ribicoff) insurance against the lengthy illness that can bankrupt a family.

Then again, any treatment the sick person gets over and above the national average will cost him only a quarter of the market price (or less than that, since medical services are heavily subsidised by the State). The remaining three-quarters is paid by those who get less treatment than the average. The healthy would still be supporting the sick, but only in part.

The system of charges would replace what has come to be a medical black market. Private payments should be outlawed. They are a transgression which could be eliminated if they ceased to be necessary — if (that is) demand was brought into line with supply, through an intelligent application of the price system.

ALL THIS would effect savings. For a start, Israelis are likely to become considerably less hypochondriac. At IL70-80 a day, hospitals will be a place to shun. As in America, those inside will have a motive for getting released promptly.

People not seriously ill would opt for treatment at the clinic (always supposing Dr. Podkaminer's recommendation is adopted to make the clinics more efficient). They would prefer the more economic alternative of undergoing medical tests outside the hospital. They would consume fewer pills and drugs and even bandages, only buying what they genuinely need.

A relatively modest fall in the present unfettered demand for medical services would be enough to get Kupat Holim out of the red, to overcome the bottlenecks, to remedy the shortage of paramedical personnel. And once a patient does not have to wait a year and a day for treatment, he will have less inducement to see the doctor privately and pay him a high fee — an alleviation that would be thoroughly welcome, from every point of view.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1976

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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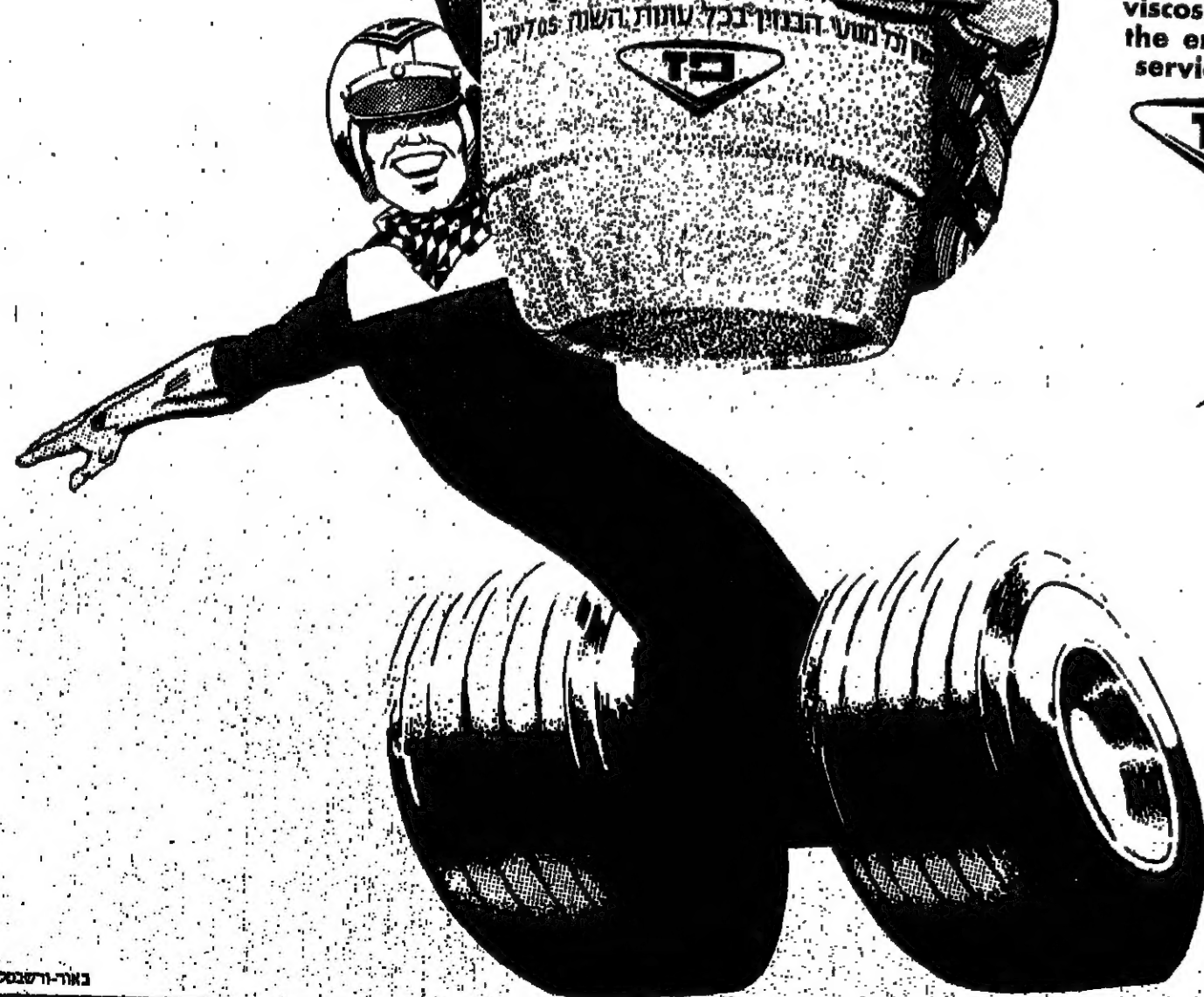


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## CAGED PANTHER

A threat to society or a victim of social injustice? SUSAN BELLOS reports on Black Panther leader Reuven Abergil as he faces criminal charges.

REUVEN ABERGIL, 33, and his brothers Eliezer and Ya'acov have been charged with extortion, running protection rackets, gambling dens and shady nightclubs, and trafficking in drugs. Until he was arrested two weeks ago, Reuven was known as a leader of the Jerusalem Black Panther social protest movement, a municipal youth leader, and a gifted political agitator who was the darling of the press and the politicians.

The crimes he is accused of are ugly, but there is no doubt of his talents as a leader. Is he a monster, as the remanding magistrate suggested when he told the brothers: "If ten per cent of what is said about you is true then you should be put away for ten years"; or is he the victim of society as Avner Amiel, a senior social worker who has known Reuven for over 26 years, said in an interview last week.

Like other newsmen who covered the emergent Panther Movement six years ago, I found Reuven quick, bright, humorous and more sophisticated than most of his companions. He was skinny and undersized, like many of the Panthers, with a hollow chest and stooping shoulders, clear evidence of childhood malnutrition. Unlike some of the others he radiated charm, and his warmth and apparent sincerity could be overpowering. He was especially good at getting at one's guilt.

He met, impressed and, I am sure, inspired guilt in a whole array of personalities, including Golda Meir, Yitzhak Ben-Aharon, Yitzhak Navon, Dr. Israel Katz, Meir Pa'il, and numerous smaller fry from the media. One remembers Reuven in a Rehavia drawing-room that was equally well-stuffed with objets d'art and social-minded ladies ostensibly gathered to discuss the fate of a school for retarded children that was about to be closed for lack of funds. Dr. Naomi Kies, a young immigrant political scientist from the U.S. who had become involved with the Panthers, introduced him to the hostess who was as about as elegant and as upper as Rehavia has to offer. Reuven, burning-eyed among the thick upholstery and the well-cut maxis, started to tell the ladies about his childhood.

He came to Israel at the age of six from Morocco and spent a year at a ma'abara in Pardess Hanna. Rather than remain at the ma'abara, the family moved to Musrara, then a neglected and rather dangerous Jerusalem border area. Reuven's father sold bits of scrap iron scavenged from the no-man's land then dividing Jerusalem. Reuven, who by now had seven brothers and one sister, was sent to the ultra-Orthodox Agudat Yisrael elementary school which, though supported by the Ministry of Education, was neither supervised nor inspected. Reuven described his teachers, yeshiva boys, who spoke Yiddish among themselves and often beat the Mizrabi-speaking boys. Reuven was thrown out of school in the sixth grade, he said, for being cheeky to his teacher. He left school, almost totally ignorant, at the age of 12, and from then "my life on the streets began."

At that point, the hostess, who like all the other women had been listening with rapt attention, burst into tears: "Where have I been all these years?" she sobbed. "How is it, in the same city, we didn't know about these things?" Other women in the room, while less eloquent than the hostess, also cried.



Most of the women went home, touched no doubt, but returned to some of their less revolutionary projects. The hostess actually stood in the municipal general election in 1973 as a Jerusalem Black Panther candidate, second only to Reuven Abergil.

REUVEN'S childhood was truly dreadful. Avner Amiel, also a Jerusalemite of poor Moroccan origin, but who graduated in Social Work at the Hebrew University, first encountered Reuven at the age of seven when he was already known to the police for loitering around the border and pilfering. Avner remembers the dark-eyed boy with some emotion. "He was a golden child," says Avner. Of all the children on the Musrara streets at the time, Reuven was the one who seemed the most likely candidate for rehabilitation. One wonders, if Reuven had been transplanted at the age of seven from Musrara, with his enormous potential, what might indeed have become of him.

Unlike his brother, Eliezer, who is alleged by witnesses to be the strongman of the Abergils, Reuven was never particularly tough, but he had natural leadership talents and soon dominated a gang which stole, hid loot in no-man's land, and even hid there occasionally from the police. At that time, he once told me, he was introduced to drugs, which "ruined my health."

This did not prevent him, if the allegations made by witnesses to the police now are true, of forcing young children into taking and peddling drugs when the time came. This may well have coincided with the establishment of a "War on Delinquency Committee" in March 1971, composed of 24 Panthers and headed by himself.

At the age of 14 Reuven was offered his first real chance when a probation officer won a plea that this gifted boy, found guilty of stealing a motor bike, should be sent to a kibbutz rather than a reform school. Reuven told me he looked back on his two years at Kibbutz Mishmar Hanegev with nostalgia and affection. He was

put into the backward class at first but was promoted a year later and did well, taking "a particular interest in Hebrew, Bible and chemistry."

At the age of 16 Reuven's family sent word that he was needed at home and he was sent back to Musrara, where although he was apprenticed to a plumber, and may even have worked at it sporadically, he resumed his old ways, and the ways of his friends. At the age of 18 he was called up, but like many of the Panthers he was rejected. Reuven claimed in a newspaper interview that "the army psychiatrist dismissed me in a few minutes." Though Reuven lived on the edge of society where army rejection was the norm, like the other Panthers, he took it badly.

THE NEXT nine years of Reuven's life saw a steady deterioration. According to what he told people who worked with him when he was a Panther leader, and what witnesses now allege, he bought and sold drugs, including opium and L.S.D., and started building his family's "empire."

A few years later Avner and his colleague in the streetcorner workers section, Yosef Meyuhas, offered what they believed the only solution to Reuven's problem: they broke the story, which was initially highly exaggerated of Musrara marginal youth forming a radical political movement based on the lines of the U.S. Black Panthers. They hoped, as many Jerusalem social workers still do, that Reuven's salvation and that of thousands of others in his situation lay in political action rather than crime. They hoped the movement itself would goad, and perhaps frighten, Israeli society into trying to do something about the social gap which had become particularly acute after the Six Day War.

The Panthers were, and are, a serious pressure group for the Oriental poor.

But a social worker who knows the Abergils well said last week the media, while spotlighting poverty, also spotlighted the boys and made it more difficult for them to rehabilitate themselves. "They would return from a meeting with Golda gloriously inflated but when left alone to deal with the daily problems of living in Musrara, they just didn't have the tools." The gap between their televised glory and their real lives led to "serious conflicts."

IT IS EASY to understand why the social workers kept quiet about the Abergils' activities beyond the submission of urgent internal memoranda to the Municipality. They argue that reporting on their clients would alienate them and make cooperation all but impossible. The silence of the police all these years is more perplexing.

A lot has changed in Musrara since Reuven's childhood. The district is full of social workers and pilot projects. But the shums and the unsupervised Agudat Yisrael schools are still standing. There are no easy solutions, though something more radical than the infusion of more social workers is required. Meanwhile Reuven's seven-year-old son Ilan is growing up in Musrara. Is there any hope for him?

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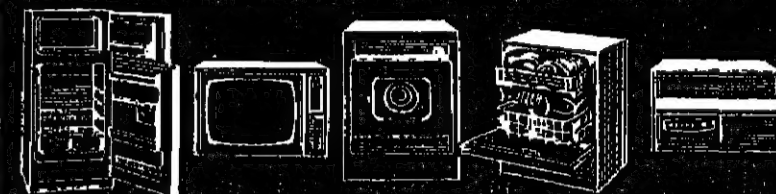
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# AFTER BREZHNEV

With the Soviet party congress due to open next month, EDWARD CRANKSHAW writes that Russia has reached the stage where it does not much matter who succeeds Leonid I. Brezhnev. The British writer, widely known for his books on the USSR, explains the Russian leadership mentality in this New York Times Special Feature Service article.

LEONID BREZHNEV will be 70 next year and, as all the world knows, his health is not good. Nobody outside Russia can tell just what is wrong with him. He may continue as First Secretary for years to come. Throughout their history the Russians have never mastered the art of retiring their national figures at a reasonable age without disgrace or violence. But it seems likely that before long he will go.

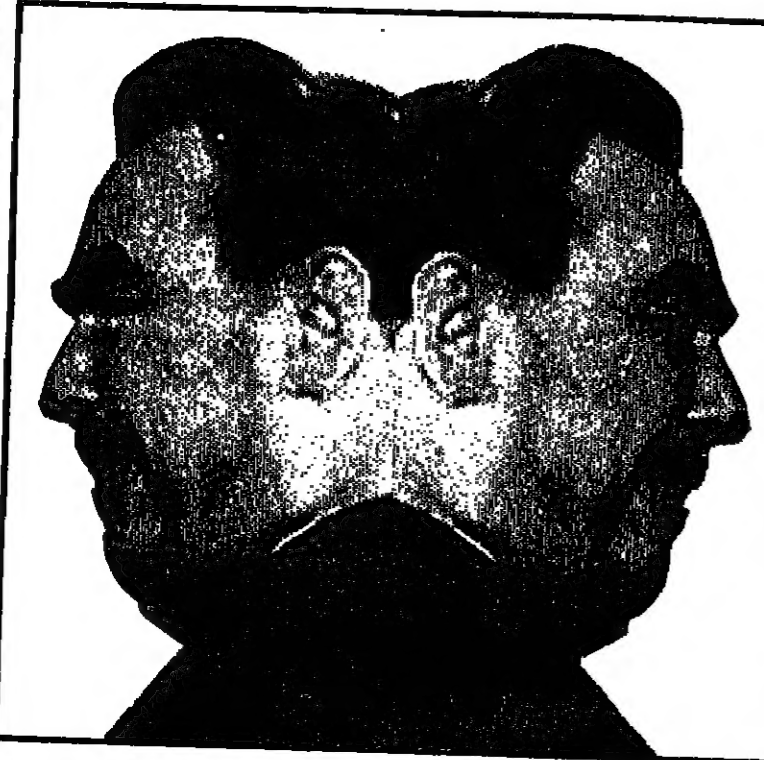
When he was ill last winter, vanishing completely for some weeks, there was some pretty wild speculation about the succession, and this has been repeated more than once when his relentless progress toward detente with the West has suffered a setback of one kind or another. For some reason I have never been able to understand, this exceptionally tough customer has come to be regarded as a figure of moderation, assailed by more belligerent colleagues for being soft on the West. The implication is that when Brezhnev retired or dies or is deposed, it will be a bad day for us.

But where is the evidence to support this notion? And what, anyway, does the concept of moderation mean — when applied to the Soviet leadership?

It seems to me that Brezhnev very accurately represents a strong consensus position, and that is why he is where he is. Further, his consensus is a relatively permanent feature, forced on the Soviet leadership by the facts of life. For the Soviet Union has reached the stage when it does not much matter who holds the reins: The sheer pressure of events, of geopolitics, economics, military technology and internal social forces dictates the general policy line, as it does in other countries not engaged in a revolutionary upheaval. The future will be a continuation of the present.

LET ME SAY at once that I do not imagine that all his colleagues, shadowy figures as most of them are, see eye to eye with Brezhnev all along the line. There can be wide differences of opinion on separate issues within a broad consensus. But I believe that in the higher reaches of the Soviet Communist Party such a consensus exists and that, even if there are sharp divisions between factions in the Central Committee — or in the Presidium itself — the supersession of one group or faction by another would not, could not, lead to dramatic reversals of foreign policy but only to changes of emphasis, any more than a victory of the Democrats over the Republicans, or vice versa, leads to a dramatic reversal of American policy.

Of course, there are lunatic fringes in all countries. They exist in the Soviet Union no less than in the U.S. — but not, I hope and believe, at the highest level. The American lunatic fringe would like to organize a pre-emptive strike against the Soviet Union; some Americans are so far gone as to believe with passion that there is no quarrel between Russia and China, that the whole



Czechoslovakia and to help Russia forget it too. The detente drive was resumed. It had to be. And the man to spearhead it could be none other than Brezhnev.

THUS, when it is said that Brezhnev will stand or fall by the success or failure of "his" policy of detente, I think we are being given the wrong picture. Leaving aside the large questions of what how its success may be measured, I question the whole idea of its being a personal policy. It was certainly not inaugurated by Brezhnev.

It was inaugurated 22 years ago by Georgi Malenkov, very soon after the death of Stalin. The Malenkov line was denounced by Nikita Khrushchev during the course of the power struggle between the two men. But as soon as Malenkov was beaten, Khrushchev took over some of his ideas. Once he had got it into his head that the Soviet Union could no more survive a nuclear war than any other country, he began to preach "peaceful coexistence" and a lessening of tension.

Because he was Khrushchev, he was determined to have his cake and eat it. For a long time he thought he could have it both ways, enjoying the benefits of detente while continuing to bully and undermine the West. For a long time he was too optimistic about Russia's ability to catch up with America. Given his noisy and impetuous temperament, this meant that he steered an erratic and often alarming course. But it was a recognizable course all the same. The last great and irresistible temptation was the Cuban adventure of 1962. But after that, he seemed to have committed himself at last to what by then seemed the inevitable — the reaching of a working understanding with America — and with West Germany too.

As already observed, he went too fast and too far for the comrades, who pulled him down. But very successful efforts to forget

scores of private conversations between Russian diplomats and journalists and their Western opposite numbers) long before the Czechoslovak crisis and reverted to quite indecently soon after it. The original proposal had two main purposes — to prise Europe away from the U.S. and to formalize the Continental status quo — that is, Russia's post-war gains. It took some time to get it into Brezhnev's head that there could be no conference without the U.S., but soon he decided to make a virtue of necessity.

For by that time, Herr Brandt had transformed the German situation and Dr. Kissinger had injected quite a new element into American diplomacy. So that it became a positive advantage to have the Americans at Helsinki, joining Western Europe in recognizing Soviet hegemony over central and eastern Europe.

In exchange for what? Really not every much — some highly qualified declarations about the possibility of Soviet nationals being allowed to marry foreigners or travel about the world; a promise to exchange elementary information about projected military manoeuvres; some sort of assurance that the Soviet Union would not adopt aggressive policies in Europe — which in any case was the last thing she wanted to do until she had jacked up her own economy and sorted out her position in the Far East. And so on. One would like to feel that Dr. Kissinger had reached some sort of discreet and secret understanding on the side about Israel and the Arabs; but even if he did achieve any such thing, it was nothing the West could publicly boast about.

In fact, although the Russians gave so little at Helsinki (and already they have been at pains to emphasize that they made no promises about the freedom of Soviet citizens to do this and that, only to give careful consideration to any relevant requests), the hardest thing, almost certainly, was to allow their domestic policies to be brought into any sort of negotiation. No government likes being told that another government will conclude a deal with it only on condition that it mend its ways in the treatment of its own nationals. And the Russians, perhaps because they have more ways to mend than most, are excessively touchy about this.

So that it is by no means impossible that Brezhnev came under heavy pressure to refuse to discuss such matters, pressure from comrades who did not have the responsibility for the success or failure of Helsinki.

BUT QUITE apart from the success of Helsinki with its political emphasis, detente was needed for urgent economic reasons. Russia's crushing defence burden bears very heavily on the production of consumer goods, still more on agriculture — an agriculture still blighted by the collectivization of 35 years ago, still backward and inefficient and calling for huge investment in

machinery and fertilizers, in rural consumer services (and wages, too) to reverse the flight from the land, which has left food production to the clumsy merces of women, children and the very old. More positively, if Soviet society as a whole was to be kept moving and growing toward the material standards not only of the Western democracies but of Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany, Russia had to take short cuts by importing Western products — not merely machines, but sophisticated plants in their entirety and all sorts of advanced technological know-how. Brezhnev is the man whose job it is to preside over this operation, but I find it hard to believe that there are any responsible Soviet Communist bosses in high positions who feel that the country is strong and stable enough at this stage of its development to pull down the blinds again, turn its back on the West and work out its own destiny until it is powerful enough to turn round and sweep the globe.

And, of course, even though the Soviet leaders do not for a moment believe that world revolution is just around the corner, the ingrained conviction that history is on their side is bound to colour their attitudes, legitimizing in their eyes all sorts of actions from the continued collectivization of agriculture at home to the encouragement of chaos in Portugal and Lebanon, not only indefensible from the point of view of reason but actually detrimental to the interests of a Soviet Union seen as a homeland to prosper and defend.

Within this general framework, the scope for disagreement between high-ranking comrades is wide. It is to be doubted whether there is a clear-cut functional division all down the line.

My own guess is that the Neanderthals will fight hard for survival and will only very gradually be edged out by younger men who have moved toward the top on merit: not because of their political reliability (they pay lip service to the dogma, no more) but because of the very obvious need to lighten the ruling class with men of intelligence and vision. How long this process will take I cannot even guess.

MEANWHILE, the differences which must lead to argument inside the higher reaches of the party have to do with immediately practical matters, of the kind already indicated.

Would it be better to take a short cut to increased food production by giving the peasants larger private plots, thus tacitly acknowledging the failure of collectivization without formally dismantling the system? Or would it be safer to keep the peasants landless and make up for poor yields from the collectives by importing grain from the West?

Should we divert money, raw materials, manpower from heavy industry and the manufacture of armaments to the development of consumer goods, and for investment in agriculture in a supreme effort to bring up the standard of living, raise the morale of the people and, by making them contented, render them immune from the temptations of the West? Or should we play safe, maintain an iron ring round our peoples and concentrate on commanding obedience at home and striking terror abroad?

How best can we deal with the threat of China's millions against that long, vulnerable frontier? Should we launch a preventive

war to take out the Chinese nuclear armament while the going is good? Or should we simply mark time, hold the fort, and hope for a collapse of central government in China when Mao dies? Or should we make every possible effort to conciliate the men who may succeed to Mao?

But we are running ahead of our theme, the meaning of detente as practised by Mr. Brezhnev.

Detente in Soviet eyes does not stand for a cozy state of live and let live. It stands for an armed truce, a holding action in a dynamic situation. But it is a dynamism at present without direction. It is axiomatic in the eyes of the Soviet leadership that Communism must one day triumph throughout the world. But what do they mean by Communism? They hardly know themselves. Their minds are closed. But there are times when they must ask themselves, if not each other, where they think they are going; and I do not think they have an answer. At a time when none of us in the West (fools and fanatics excepted) have a very clear idea of where we are going, it is important to understand that there is an ever greater lack of direction, though for different reasons, on the other side of the hill. And there is more hope for us because we are not permanently blinded by a dogma, only crippled by prejudice, ignorance and inertia, all of which can be more easily thrown off than a meaningless faith.

IN A WORD, the only policy for the Soviet Union at the moment is covered by the word detente. Determined to avoid a major war, eager, almost desperate, to profit from the skills and riches of the displaced, effete and decadent West, the conventional Russian party leader of today must stagger along, eager to wound and yet afraid to strike, blundering clumsily to assert himself and make things difficult for us as the opportunity arises — in the Middle East for example — tempted to exploit dangerous situations like the Portuguese muddle in order to weaken and undermine a Western defensive and economic system, which it is very much in his immediate interest to preserve.

This was always the Russians' way — to stir up trouble and then draw back when the trouble spot was at their mercy: to allow different departments of state to pursue opposed policies simultaneously (Czarist activity in the Balkans throughout the 19th century offers many such examples). This sort of ambiguity and equivocation (Lord Salisbury, then British Foreign Minister, called it the traditional quality of Russian behaviour) is nowhere more marked, translated into contemporary terms, than in the matter of subversion. If any country needs at this moment a stable environment in which to pull itself together and develop its own resources with foreign help, that country is the Soviet Union. Yet just as in the 1920s, when the newly born Soviet Foreign Ministry tolled unremittingly to win the trust of the capitalist world so Russia could draw on its resources while the officials of the Comintern tolled no less unremittingly to subvert the very countries upon whose goodwill the infant Soviet Union set such store, so today Brezhnev and his friends, genuinely seeking detente and relaxation all round, cannot resist the old traditional stupid urge to do just this. National tradition reinforces Leninist dogma. Only national cautiousness (not moderation) holds them back.



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1976

## CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

## Kasha recalled



A YOUNG FRIEND who discovered recently that the world of food has more to offer than meat, potatoes and two veg. asked me recently if I had ever heard of kasha. Until then he had only known of a mysterious ingredient — buckwheat — often found in American pancake mixes.

I answered, much affronted, that I had grown up on kasha and never found it strange or exotic. On the contrary, my mother's family, which hails from the Russian Pale of Jewish Settlement, considered it very much a staple.

On further consideration, however, I realized that although I like the grain, it was many years since I had eaten it. Further enquiries revealed that although many of my acquaintances had eaten kasha in their parents' homes, hardly any of them actually knew how to cook it. Kasha, it seems, had passed from the realm of real home cooking to the shadowy netherworld of the natural food fetishists, to be eaten while sitting on cushions on the floor and drinking murky herb tea.

TO PREPARE kasha (*kusmes* in Hebrew), take about a cup of either the whole grain or split (which I prefer) variety and pick out any foreign matter such as small stones or twigs. Pour the grains into a large frying pan and mix an egg into them. At the same time, begin heating water in a kettle.

Heat the kasha and egg mixture in the pan without shortening, stirring constantly. Soon it will begin to exude a characteristic grainy aroma.

When the kasha in the pan is quite dry and each grain is separated, continue heating for a minute or two and then slowly add the boiling water. Continue adding the water slowly until it seems that no more water can be absorbed. Season with plenty of salt or soup powder, allow the kasha to cook covered another five minutes over a low flame, and leave covered off the fire for at least five more minutes.

Serve the kasha as it is, with or without gravy, or else serve kasha vafshkes. The latter simply being kasha mixed with cooked drained "bowtie" noodles and a large quantity of fried onions.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1976



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN



IT IS in the Israeli Arab village that one today finds the fierce thrust towards education that marked the immigrant Jewish generations in the West. Parents want their children to become doctors, lawyers or engineers and they are prepared to make sacrifices to bring this about.

Concomitantly, there is a tendency towards smaller families, the better to give all the children an education and to achieve a standard of living that is strongly influenced by surrounding Jewish life-styles.

Israeli Moslems have one of the highest annual birth rates in the world, 43.7 per thousand, over twice that of the Israeli Jews' 20.5 per thousand.

But when a group of teenage high school girls at a large Arab village was asked recently about the desirable family size, most said they wanted two or three children "like the Jewish girls." All of them came from families of eight or nine children.

These students were an as yet small elite of educated girls in the village — but it does appear that an increasing number of families are being planned. This was confirmed by the chief physician at the regional Government health centre who said that over the past five years he has provided an average of over 100 intra-uterine devices annually to young married women "with the consent of their husbands, of course."

(Over the past year about a score of women have had the I.U.D.s removed in order to have another child: couples have found that new child maintenance grants from National Insurance would equal the wages earned by the husband in overtime work.)

One prosperous villager confided recently to a visitor that his sons were good workers but had "heads of concrete." His hopes for a doctor or lawyer in his family rested, he said proudly, with his 14-year-old daughter, Fawala.

Clearly, traditional attitudes on the role of women are falling away before the force of a new understanding that education holds the key for success of the children of a generation of village Arabs who are well up on the ladder of material success.



Girls and boys in the twelfth grade of the local secondary school: together but still separate.

# IBN THE DOCTOR

Israeli Arab families see education as the key to success, writes YOSEF GOELL in a second article on a month's stay at a village in the Little Triangle. Photos are by ALIZA AUERBACH

out of the village to schools in surrounding Jewish towns or further away to Nazareth, Haifa and even East Jerusalem.

CLOSE TO a dozen men of one village are studying abroad — in Italy and Rumania. Italy — more specifically Bologna — is the goal of those whose families are determined to have a doctor in the family, but who have not weathered the intense competition for admission to Israel's medical schools.

Rumania is a newly discovered, and cheaper, source of medical and other higher education. The students there, one is told, were not sent by the Israel Communist Party. "Rakah protektsia gets students to East Germany and Hungary and — for the real Communist elite — to the Soviet Union." Rumania is considered to be a fairly inexpensive alternative, and its universities are relatively open to foreign students.

Still, it cost one family IL2,500 a month to maintain a son in a Rumanian medical school. This is a big chunk out of any family budget. In the village it is made

possible by the continuation, in varying degrees, of the *hamulla* system. Traditionally, married sons and their families continued to live near the parents to form an extended family and a closed economy. The patriarch and untolders and the daughters-in-law worked at cottage industries or in the family fields. To a large extent this system has disappeared but it has left a residue of close cooperation and mutual financial support.

This writer was the guest of a large *hamulla* whose income derived from ancestral lands, managed by one son, and from newer businesses such as trucking; contracting in surrounding kibbutzim, and school teaching. Income was pooled and distributed through the father to the constituent families; the detailed workings of the system were not ascertained by a visitor unwilling to enquire closely on its fine points.

THE ADVANTAGES of the *hamulla* system are immediately apparent: the death of a parent does not create the problem that would arise in a Jewish nuclear

family with respect to the care of the children. And the concern and care of sons for aging parents is a heartwarming sight to a person familiar with the serious problems in this area in modern Jewish Israel.

Bride price, the *mohar*, has in effect been abolished but prospective grooms are expected to provide a fully-furnished house — in accordance with the latest Tel Aviv influenced standards — before a father will agree to the betrothal. More importantly, a young woman will generally be able to choose her husband — subject to her father's veto — rather than (at best) the reverse, as was the practice until recently.

Outwardly at least, modernization has made a dent in religious practice. The call of the *muazzin* to prayer rings out five times daily from the several mosques of a village; but attendance is generally very small.

Rapid modernization is reflected in village architecture, home decoration, clothing and food, where the influence of neighboring kibbutzim and the many of the villagers work, is

widely felt. Imitation of modern Israeli fashion has sometimes been carried out blindly in regard of day-to-day living

AT THE SAME time a *muazzin* has set in to the identical shattering effects of a blind leap into modernity. Fifteen years the oldest sons of one family, going to marry and build their own home, sought to pull down their father's house with its primitive unfashionable arches and no work. The father would not let it and today the sons are glad didn't: the old house gives them all a strengthened feeling of identity and continuity.

Food habits too reflect a return to tradition. In the 1960s visitor is told, many villages sought out Jewish canned and processed foods. In the many are returning to home-prepared foods.

Everything that is Jewish, thus modern, possesses a powerful attraction to the villagers who are still in the first generation of rapid modernization. Yet they feel an emerging antagonism and strike a comfortable balance between Arab and Jewish mores.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### THEATRE

ALL MY SONS (Cameri) Arthur Miller's play written during WWII about unscrupulous war profiteers (Not yet reviewed) Tel Aviv (Cameri) Thurs. 8.30.

ALL MY SONS (English Theatre of Rehovot) — Arthur Miller's play presented in English. Rehovot (Wiz) Sun. 8.30, Tel Aviv (Hacham) Mon. Wed. Thurs. 8.30.

ARISE, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? (Tavita) An improvisation under the direction of Peter Frye. Plot development through suggestions by audience. Tel Aviv (Tavita) Thurs. 8.30.

THE CASTLE (Habimah) Franz Kafka's enigmatic, frightening story about a stranger and a castle, a symbolically alien world which refuses to recognize him. (Not yet reviewed) Tel Aviv (Habimah) Sun. Wed. Thurs. 8.30.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS (Cameri) Shakespeare's comedy is full of puns, word plays, topical allusions by translator-adaptor Ben Almagor, and full gags contributed by director Peter James. Plenty of laughs — watch Zahara Harifal deliver a sexy song — but adds up to little considering the size of the show, all the effort and money that went into it. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Sat. 8.45 and 9.00, Sun. 8.30 and 8.50. Beer Sheva (Keren) Wed. Thurs. 8.30.

THE GOVERNOR OF JERICHO (Cameri-Tavita) Josef Mundy's play is a pseudo-symbolic mishmash about the Israeli occupation of the West Bank, written in a thoroughly dishonest and essentially senseless manner. Tel Aviv (Tavita) Tues. 8.30.

HOSTAGES (Habimah) The 1945 play by Spanish Gil Robles is set in Venezuela during Bolivar's revolt against the Spanish, and deals with a moral dilemma. The melodramatic plot is too much for the characterization is too black-and-white, the production is passable. Tel Aviv (Habimah, Small Hall) Sat. 8.30, Sun. 9.00, Wed. 8.00.

THE JOKER (Haifa) Yeshoshua Sobol's new play about a group of recruits in a bunker on the Golan Heights is terribly funny, very sad, and beautifully authentic. Excellent acting by the all-male cast of six under Nola Chilton's direction. Tel Aviv (Haifa) Mon. 8.30.

LITTLE SNRAGA (Haifa) — Ramat Bahayal (Belt Hamor) 8.30.

OF LIGHT-MINDEDNESS AND FRIVOLOUS (Habimah) The 18th century play by Reh Aharon Wolfson, a fighter against the religious establishment in Germany, in brilliantly funny modern dress, by director Omri Nisan. Fun all the way. Tel Aviv (Small Hall) Mon. Tues. 8.30.

LIVE LIKE PIGS (Cameri) Tragi-comedy by John Arden, director: David Bergman, with Albert Cohen, Edna Pilode, Mital Bat-Adam, Yossi Graber, Yehuda Fuchs. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Mon. Tues. 8.30.

MOTHER COURAGE — Brecht's modern classic about venality of society and the horrors of war in a generally good production by David Levine with Lia Koenig as the indomitable Mother Courage. Tel Aviv, Habimah, Large Hall Sat. Sun. Wed. Thurs. 8.30.

"THE PASSENGER" and "THE KITE AND THE WIND." Two mixed-media plays (actors, puppets and music) for adults. Reviewed this week. Jerusalem (Tavita) Tonight, 8.30 p.m.

POETRY MIDNIGHT (Habimah) In 3 languages. David Avizur introduces and leads discussion with audience: Poems read by the poets — Dennis Bilk (in English), Savvyel Greenberg (in Russian), Oded Sverdlik (in Spanish). Hebrew translations will also be read. Tel Aviv (Habimah) Tues. Tonight, 8.30 p.m.

THE EXAMINER (Habimah) A new version of the much performed Shalom Aleichem tragi-comedy. Tel Aviv (Habimah, Large Hall) Mon. 8.00 and 8.30, Tues. 8.30.

UPON A FIDDLE (Beer Sheva) A tongue-in-cheek musical adaptation of Sholem Aleichem's story about a boy who wanted to become a fiddler against the will of parents and environment. Beer Sheva (Basim-Betel, Small Hall) Sat. 8.30, Sun. 9.00, Wed. 8.00.

THE PASSENGER — Antonioni's latest film of a man's quest for a new identity is partly a study in alienation and partly a suspense story with Jack Nicholson as the man and Maria Schneider as his appealing travelling companion. Obscure but fascinating and visually rich.

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PROFUMO DI DONNA — Zesty yet poignant study of pride with Vittorio Gassman giving a remarkable portrayal of a man disabled at the height of his powers. Directed by Dino Risi with Alessandro Momo and Agostina Belli. Should not be missed.

THE ROMANTIC ENGLISHMAN — Intriguing psychological drama laced with humour. Directed by Joseph Losey with his usual flair and featuring immaculate performances by Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine and Helmut Berger. The film is based on the novel by Thomas Wiseman, who himself wrote the subtle and urbane screenplay together with Tom Stoppard. Slightly pretentious, but recommended.

ROYAL FLARE — Director Richard Lester ("The Three Musketeers" and "The Four Musketeers") remains in the field of historical parody in this story comedy about the misadventures in a middle-European principality of a fictional Victorian rake. Amusing at first, but the joke soon palls. Malcolm McDowell, Oliver Reed, Alan Bates and Florida Bonham lead the talented cast.

SOBRES FROM A MARRIAGE — Ingmar Bergman's remarkable study of an intimate relationship with a magical performance by Liv Ullmann and fine acting by Erland Josephson as her husband. Three hours viewing that keeps the viewer's attention riveted throughout.

THE VOYAGE — Vittorio de Sica's last film. Sophia Loren and Richard Burton, appearing together on the screen for the first time, star in this often moving drama, based on a Pirandello short story. While the great director brilliantly recreates Sicily at the turn of the century, the piece at times unhappily degenerates into a rather kitschy tear-jerker.

LIGHT MUSIC

FADOM, FADOM, FADOM. Songs of Edith Piaf. Tel Aviv (Tavita), Sat. 8.

LAHAKAT TAMUZ Tel Aviv (Tavita) — Fri. 9.00 & Midnight, Sat. 11.00.

"EXTREME TO THE EXTREME" (Tavita) — The "What's All for the Time Being" group (Yehonatan Gefen, Dani Litani and others) in a new show with guitars, piano, songs, skits, laughter, tears and maybe even drama. Tel Aviv (Tavita) Sun. Mon. 9.00.

ISRAELI FOLKLORE IN MUSIC AND SONG. With the duo "Shulamit and Miriam." According: Dov Wissa, Flute: Arthur Dan. Jerusalem (Tavita) Sun. 9.00.

MUSICAL ATTRACTIONS. FOLK MUSIC. Singers and musicians from different countries. Jerusalem (Tavita) Wed. 9.00.

TEBESHAT FARY. Sing-a-long with Shlomo Fishko. Talk with slides on "Our Country" by Telpi Ron. Programme of singers and musicians. Jerusalem (Tavita), Sat. 9.00.

OTTE LI GOOTE LI (Cameri) The perennial musical show for children, re-written by the poet Avraham Shlonsky from the Grimm tales. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Tues. 10.00 a.m.

OPERA

The Israel National Opera Presents: Joli. Strauss: "Die Fledermaus", produced by Eda De-Philippis, conductor: A. Lavaron; cast: Esther Baumwi, Miriam Laron, Benno Schwartz, Michael Kahana, Naomi Pinkus, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Michael Gueckman, Gloria Sharon (Tel Aviv: Saturday).

Kern: "Show Boat"; produced by Eda De-Philippis, conductor: A. Lavaron/A. Tarkus; cast: Judith Lerina, Saele Rinkelberger, Nicholas Scarpalini, Leonard Graves, John Mitrov/Philippo De-Stefano, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Lesley White, William Gold, Miriam Laron, Naomi Pinkus, Lois Luis, Benno Schwartz, Chella Bloom, Gloria Sharon, Yehuda Shmueli (Jerusalem: Monday); Avdon: "Alexander", produced by Eda De-Philippis; conductor: Joseph Singer; choreography: Jacob Kahan; Chorus Master: Dr. H. Pinkus; cast: Susan Rinkelberger/Naomi Pinkus, Miriam Laron, Michael Gueckman, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Steven Elias, Yehuda Shmueli, Benno Schwartz, Gloria Sharon, Yoram Ben-Zvi, Milo Chertok, Rafael Rosenblat, Joseph Gross (Haifa: Thursday).

THE FORTUNE — More Hollywood nostalgia in the Mike Nichols farce about a pair of Israeli academics (Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson) competing to part a scatterbrained heiress (talented newcomer Stockard Channing) from her inheritance. Offers very funny, but with some flat periods. The film has a wonderfully authentic 1930s flavour throughout.

THE CLASSICAL BALLET: Serenade (George Balanchine), Electra-Bach (Pella Blasko), Sweet Agony (Gene Kelly), Tel Aviv (Cameri) Wed. 8.00 p.m.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1976



Vittorio Gassman, winner of Best Actor award for "Profumo Di Donna."

#### CINEMA

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS — Revival of the sparkling 1951 musical which won Academy Awards. Directed by Vincent Minnelli and starring Gene Kelly, with music by George Gershwin. The final musical sequence remains unsurpassed as a film ballet.

BEYOND THE DOOR — Another demonic possession film that attempts to combine "Rosemary's Baby" with "The Exorcist" and entraps poor Juliet Mills and Richard Johnson for its purpose. Piffle and not chilling.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER — Remake of the 1945 film which brought fame to Trevor Howard, Celia Johnson and director David Lean. Now Sophia Loren and Richard Burton are the couple who meet by chance at a railway station, gradually fall in love and then say goodbye to romance. No longer a tear-jerker but pleasant to see and acted with quiet feeling by the principals. Directed by Alex Bridges ("The Firelight").

LE CHAT ET LA SOURIS — Glorious detective yarn with Michele Morgan (absent from the screen for about 5 years) as the mouse pursued by Serge Reggiani as the cat who suspects her of murdering her rich, philandering husband. Superbly but entertaining. Directed by Claude Lelouch ("Le Bonheur", "Le Voyage").

CONFESSIONS OF A WINDOW CLEANER — Broad and breezy British sex-comedy about an amorous young window cleaner who spends more time climbing into beds with clients than climbing up ladders. Crude at times but mildly amusing.

DIRTY INNOCENCE — Claude Chabrol's latest, supposedly the last of his films, is a story of a young man who is seduced by a woman who is older than he is. Some interesting characterizations. With Rod Taylor, Romy Schneider, Jean Rochefort, English dialogue.

EARTHQUAKE — A traditional blockbuster (no pun intended), "Earthquake" has skyscrapers collapsing, candles burning, streets and dome building. Charlton Heston, George Kennedy, Richard "Shat" Roatwre does an Evil Knievel, Lorne Greene, wheeler deals, and George Kennedy kill a berserk National Guardsman who, having already shot three of his mates, tries his hand, etc. at rape. Action packed.

THE EIGHTH SANCTION — Close-ended action film, a sort of "poor man's James Bond" with Clint Eastwood doubling as director and star. The piece is almost redeemed by a brilliantly done musical number, showing a handsome, athletic man climb up the sheer north face of the 15,000-ft Elger in the Swiss Alps.

FILM STORY — Competently made, excellent picture with Alain Delon as the cop and Jean Louis Trintignant as the killer he is determined to capture. Based on a true life story recounted by the Inspector in charge of the case some 25 years later. Directed by Jacques Deray ("Zorba"). Excellent example of the genre. French dialogue.

THE FORTUNE — More Hollywood nostalgia in the Mike Nichols farce about a pair of Israeli academics (Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson) competing to part a scatterbrained heiress (talented newcomer Stockard Channing) from her inheritance. Offers very funny, but with some flat periods. The film has a wonderfully authentic 1930s flavour throughout.

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## Radio for music lovers

Serenade; Chopin, Grand Polonaise; V  
Ballet Music from "I Vospri Skladni."  
Hindemith, Variations on an Old

children's song; Dukas, Variations on a Theme of Debussy, 12 Songs; Interlude & Finale, 12.03; An hour of Robert Tear, 13.05; Gila Yaron sings Bar Songs; Mendelssohn, Aria from "Eugene Schuberth, 4 Songs; P. Ben-Haim, 4 Children's Songs, 18.10; Holon Chamber Orch. R. Itzhak cond., Vivaldi, "The Seasons," 18.15.

**TUESDAY: 08.10:** Mozart, Sonatas K. 5  
Beethoven, Quintet for Piano and 4  
Instruments (Maribor). 08.08: Bruckner,  
Concerto; Prokofiev, Symphony No. 3

11.30: Susan Arzouani plays  
Hovhannes & Khatchaturian. 1  
(repeat): Radio Music Club from AB  
13.05: Steinberg, Concerto da Cam  
(Rodan); Bellini - Gargiulo, Concert  
Orchestra; Ravel, Valses nobles et sent  
tales (Munch). 16.10: Continuous  
17.20: Mendelssohn's Favourite. 20  
JSC - Gary Bartini, Sater, K...

Soter, Shabbat Cantata (Bertini). 09:30:  
Quilz. 13:05: Music in a Night vein. 15:08:  
"Listen Carefully!" (repost). 16:10 (Mono):  
Folk songs (Madrigal Singers)  
WEDNESDAY, 09:10, 10:10, 11:10  
Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto  
Tchaikovsky, Symphony No.  
Folk songs (Madrigal Singers)

(Rampall): Brahms, String Quintet, op. 111 (Schubert): Trio in B-flat (Menuhin-Gendreau): Menuhin. 09.05: Bruckner, Symphony No. 4 (Andreao). 11.35: Holst, Japanese Suite (Hovhannes, Fantasy after Japanese woodblock prints, 12.05: Mozart: Rondo, K. 611; Part 1: Metamorphoses; Toch, 3 Burlesques (Schubert). Sonatina 12.25: Beethoven, Piano Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3 (Schubert).

"Egmont" Overture; Symphony No. 1. 1. (Mono): Golbrun, "Songs of the Maiden Bloch, Scherzo Fantasia (Holland) Previn); Bartok, Suite from "The Miraculous Mandarin." 17. (Repeat—Mono): Art song in instrumental music (Part 12 — 8. Hodi. 20.05 (Mono); D. Gronloh & Zimra Luteky demostrova)

**THURSDAY: 08.10:** Gottschalk: "A Night on the Tropics"; Gould, South American S. P. 101; Paganini, "Capriccio"; Butterworth, "A Shropshire Lad".  
**08.08:** Harty, from the John Fields Suite; Liszt, "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1"; Dvorak, "Slavonic Dances", Op. 46, No. 1; Czech Suite. 11.38: Mozart, Aria from "Le Nozze di Figaro".

**Ante, K. 512** (Correna); **Adagio, K. 261** (Distrakh); **Symphony No. 34, K. 182** (Tidba)  
**(repeat): The Baroque Players** (Tidba)  
**perform music by Bach, Telmann, Vivaldi,**  
**Handel.** 18.05: **Martini, Cello Concerto No.**  
**Baroch:** "The Old Man and The Sea." 19.12  
**Symphony Concerti (repeat-see Tuesday**  
**Night).** 23.06: "New Horizons" works

ario, Berocki, Atzmon, Avni. 22.1  
Magazino. 23.05: Mahler's Fifth Symphony  
Part Two-Ada Broditsky).

**TUESDAY**  
 5.30 "Telenovela." 5.50 "Once Upon a Time.  
 6.00 "George." 8.00 Youth Magazine. 8.30  
 "Morasha." 9.00 Mahout. 9.30 "Hawaii 8-0.  
 10.20 Moked. 11.10 "Onedin Line." 12.00  
 News.

Educational, 8.15 Advice and Guidance 1  
 40 English 8. 9.05 English 8. 9.25 Improv  
 Hebrew. 10.00 English 10. 10.20 Engl  
 10.45 For Kindergarten. 11.05 English  
 .25 Art. 12.00 English 9. 12.20 Maths 7. 12.4  
 Society and Culture. 1.25 Technology 9. 3.3  
 improve your Hebrew." 4.00 English 8. 4.2  
 Science 6. 4.45 Technology. 5.00 Science Film

**WEDNESDAY**  
 6.30 News. 6.32 Innovations and Conventions. 6.45 Songs. 7.00 Family Magazine. 7.30 News.

These Women" — Ingmar Bergman's film with Jari Külle, Eva Dahlbeck, R. Andersson, Harriet Andersson. 11.15 News.  
 Educational: 8.15 English 8. 8.40 Literature  
 9.03 English 7. 9.25 Improve your  
 brew. 10.00 English 9. 10.20 Science 10.45  
 Biology 9. 12.20 Geometry 8. 11.40  
 Family in "Paradise" 1.05 Electricity 10.

Programme Review. 7.30 News.

"Telepoles." 5.50 Cartoons. 8.10 Puppet  
w. 8.00 The Match of the Week. 8.50  
Gramme Trailer. 9.00 Mabab. 9.50  
ibotek." 10.00 "24 Hours with a Doctor."  
"The Virginian." 11.35 News.  
Educational 8.40 English 9.05 Maths 9.25  
nce 6. Citizenship 7. 10.20 History. 10.45  
Kindergarten 11.35 Science/Physics

2.00 Art. 12.20 Science/Physics 2.12.45  
 1.05 French. 1.25 Technical Drawing  
 2.00 "Improve your Hebrew." 4.00 Art of  
 1.25 French. 4.40 Technology. 4.50  
 Magazine.  
 1.30 News. 4.32 Quiz. 4.45 "On the  
 7.30 News.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1978

# Israel Theatres

**Habituh**

**MOTHER COURAGE**  
Tomorrow, Jan. 17. Sun., Jan. 18

**HOSTAGES**  
Tomorrow, at 8.30, Jan. 18 at 8.00

**THE TREASURE**  
Mon., Jan. 19, 6.00 & 8.30

**THE CASTLE**  
Habituated:  
Sun., Jan. 18, 8.00



**DISO**

**SALES**

**ION**  
of  
aro, objets d'art,  
tifacts, etc.  
place on  
**JANUARY 17, 1976**  
m. at the  
**Tem plaza hotel**  
a display —  
and Friday.

p.m.  
Saturday,  
p.m.  
L. JERUSALEM  
Ave., Tel. 62-228133

**THEATRE**

**SET-UP** — Robert Wise  
**THE EYE** — Robert Stevenson  
**THE JULIA** — Richard Lester  
**THREE MUSKETEERS** —  
Richard Lester  
**THE L IN THE SUN** — K. Vidor  
**THEY LIVE BY NIGHT** — Nicholas Ray

\*\*\*\*\*  
**ENGLISH**  
**FARE**  
**REHOVOT**

**NS (in English)**  
Following performances only:  
January 17  
(tickets at Cahana, Ben-Naim)  
21; Feb. 17 and 18  
tickets at all agencies

IL15 and 20; Student  
Haifa, IL15 only)

order, together with a self  
to the English Theatre o  
vot.

rmance, contact AACI,  
a or Kupat Haifa.

ant) performance, write  
shovot, P.O.B. 1258, Rehovot.  
\*\*\*\*\*



## Tel Aviv Cinema

Commencing Saturday, January 17, 1976

ALLENBY Tel. 57820

**RUSSIAN ROULETTE**  
GEORGE SEGAL  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 222759

2nd week  
VITTORIO DE SICA'S  
**A BRIEF VACATION**  
FLORINDA BOLKAN  
SERATO FALVAFORI  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN Tel. 262283

5th week  
CLINT EASTWOOD  
**THE EIGER SANCTION**  
Adults only  
4.30, 7.00, 9.30

CINEMA ONE

ISRAEL PREMIERE  
**PAUL AND MICHELLE**  
ANIQUE ALVINA  
SEAN BURY  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

3rd week  
**THE FORTUNE**  
WARRIOR BEATTY  
JACK NICHOLSON  
Fri., 12, 2  
Sat., 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays, 10, 12, 2, 4.30  
7.15, 9.30

**CINERAMA**

2nd week  
7.15-9.30

\* LEE VAN CLEEVE  
\* JAMES MASON  
\* GINA LOLLORBERGIDA  
**Bad Man's River**

DEKEL Tel. 464114/5

4th week  
**Shella Levine Is Dead And Living In New York**  
JENNY BERLIN  
ROY SCHNEIDER  
7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN CINEMA

TEL. 477177

From Sat. night, 11.1.76  
at 8.00 Adventure  
**Sans Famille**  
at 11.15  
\* ALAIN DELON  
\* CHARLES BRONSON  
The tension of a fantastic friendship  
**Adieu L'ami**  
at 11.15  
\* HAYDRE FOLSTOFF  
\* CHRISTIAN HAY  
In MARCEL CARNÉ'S  
**LES JEUNES LOUPS**  
An intrusion into the secret world and experiences of young people, free of all morals...

## Jerusalem Cinema

Commencing Saturday, January 17, 1976

ARNON Tel. 224829

SOPHIA LOREN  
RICHARD BURTON  
**THE VOYAGE**  
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

CHEN Tel. 222955

URSULA ANDRESS  
**STICK THEM UP**  
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

EDEN Tel. 223829

LEE J. COBB  
JOHN BOREL  
**THE POLICE LOOK ON HELPLESSLY**  
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

EDISON Tel. 224058

PERHAN SAVAS  
MERUT ENGIN  
**SEVMEK**  
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

HABIRAH Tel. 222366

DAVID HEMMINGS  
**DEEP RED**  
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

JERUSALEM

5th week  
GLENDA JACKSON  
MICHAEL CAINE  
**The Romantic Englishwoman**  
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

RAMAT AVIV

YOSHI YADIN  
**Lies My Father Told Me**  
Sat. and all week, 7.15, 9.30  
Fri. 10, midnight  
also on Tuesday at 4

ROYAL Tel. 53851

**AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**  
GENE KELLY  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO Tel. 295817

**DOG DAY AFTERNOON**  
AL PACINO  
Directed by SIDNEY LUMET  
Adults only  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181

Not all nightmares happen while you sleep  
HAYLEY MILLS  
STERLING HAYDEN  
**DEADLY STRANGERS**  
Adults only  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TORRETEL Tel. 449850

3rd week  
**ROYAL FLASH**  
OLIVER REED  
ALLAN BATES  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

THE PASSENGER

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## Haifa Cinema

Commencing Saturday, January 17, 1976

AMPHITHEATRE

LEE VAN CLEEVE  
JIM BROWN  
CATHERINE SPAACK  
in a great western  
**TAKE A HARD RIDE**  
In colour. For adults only.  
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

ARMON Tel. 664348

2nd week  
The first time in Israel  
The film in "sensurround"  
will only be played at this  
theatre and will not be  
shown elsewhere in Haifa  
and surrounding areas  
**EARTHQUAKE**  
CHARLTON HESTON  
AVA GARDNER  
GEORGE KENNEDY  
Owing to length of peris.  
Sat., 8.30, 9.00  
Week. 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

ATZMON

ROMY SCHNEIDER  
ROD STEIGER  
in Claude Chabrol's  
suspense film  
**DIRTY INNOCENTS**  
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

CHEN Tel. 666272

XAVIERA HOLLANDER  
reveals the true story of  
her life in the film  
**THE HAPPY HOOKER**  
with LYNN BREDGRAVE  
JEAN-PIERRE ARMONT  
For Adults Only  
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

MIRON Tel. 663008

From Friday  
Six nonstop peris.  
MAURICE BONNET  
and LISA GASTONY in  
**The Seduction**  
For adults only

MORIAH Tel. 242477

3rd week  
TERENCE HILL and  
BUD SPENCER  
in the amusing western  
**TURN THE OTHER CHEEK**  
In colour. Peris. 4.45, 9.00

ORDAN Tel. 663443

RITA TUSHNETZ  
OLIVER REED  
in the great adventure film  
**THE TRAP**  
In colour

RAMA Tel. 721912

**THE MIDNIGHT MAN**  
BURT LANCASTER  
7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN

After 7 successful weeks  
at Esther Cinema, Tel Aviv:  
**RACE WITH THE DEVIL**  
PETER FONDA  
WARREN OATES  
Adults only  
7.15, 9.30

Petah Tikva

SHALOM

2nd week  
The Film of the Century  
Weekdays and Sat. 7, 9.30  
**The Confessions Of A Window Cleaner**  
Adults only  
Mats. at 8.30  
TUESDAY, 10.15, 12.15

ORAH Tel. 664017

2nd week  
BARBARA STREISAND  
AND JAMES CAAN  
In the best musical  
love story  
**FUNNY LADY**  
Owing to length of peris.  
Sat., 6.30, 9.00  
Week. 6.00, 8.45

ORION Tel. 525858

HAIFA PREMIERE  
TONG LEE  
in new karate film  
**THE IRON PROFLIGATE**  
In colour  
From Friday  
six nonstop peris.

ORLY Tel. 81868

8th week  
Ingmar Bergman's  
Impassive film  
**Scenes from a Marriage**  
Starring LIV ULLMAN  
and HIRSH ANDERSSON  
Owing to length of peris.  
Saturday, 8.00, 8.15  
Weekdays, 6.30, 8.30, 9.00  
No complimentary tickets

PEER

JAMES CAAN  
(The Godfather)  
in an exciting film  
full of suspense  
**THE GAMBLER**  
Peris. 4.50, 6.45, 9.00

RON Tel. 669069

2nd week  
JAMES MASON  
SUSAN GEORGE  
in  
**MANDINGO**  
Based on the best seller  
by Kyle Chasler  
Peris. 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

SHAVIT

2nd week  
GENE HACKMAN  
starring in a great  
suspense film  
**FRENCH CONNECTION II**  
In Colour  
Peris. 4.45, 9.00

## Ramat Gan Cinema

ARMON Tel. 720706

**LENNY**  
DUSTIN HOFFMAN  
7.15, 9.30

HADAR Tel. 723822

RICHARD JOHNSON  
JULIET MILLS  
**BEYOND THE DOOR**  
Adults only  
Mats. at 4.00  
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday  
ARTISTS IN THE ARMY

LILY

ALAIN DELON  
JEAN LOUIS TRINTIGNANT  
**FLIC STORY**  
7.15, 9.30  
Mats. at 4: THE GREAT NIGHT OF RINGO

OASIS

5th week  
CLINT EASTWOOD  
**THE EIGER SANCTION**  
Adults only  
4.00, 7.00, 9.30

ORDEA Tel. 721720

2nd week  
The sex-comedy of the year  
**Can You Keep It Up For a Week?**  
Adults only  
7.15, 9.30

RAMA Tel. 721912

**THE MIDNIGHT MAN**  
BURT LANCASTER  
7.15, 9.30

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**The Confessions Of A Window Cleaner**  
Adults only  
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New flatstone-faced villa added to the old one-room standard house as the hamula grew. (Below) Kindergarten contrasts with adjoining new school building, condemned because the foundations proved unsafe.



Dr. Stollerman, formerly of Lutsk, Ukraine, receives at his clinic the village women dressed in the finery reserved for such occasions.



Dr. Elfrat, a pediatrician from Cernovitz gives one of the village newcomers its first checkup at the maternity clinic. (Below) A village conveyance.





# Planned amnesia

Moshe Kohn

NO ONE DENIES today that one of the blatant failures of the Zionist "founding fathers" was their success in educating several generations of young Jews, in Israel and elsewhere, to believe that the Jewish People in general and in Eretz Yisrael particularly had no history between the Bar-Kochba Revolt and the beginning of the modern Zionist endeavour.

When the surviving "fathers" saw the rotten fruits of this aspect of Zionist education and started taking measures to try and remedy their failure, in the 1960s and especially in the 1980s, they did so by introducing a programme of "Jewish consciousness" into our school curricula. But as so many teachers were themselves a product of this planned amnesia, the teaching of "Jewish consciousness" amounted to little more than people who themselves lacked and did not much believe in this "consciousness" teaching their children not how Jews live, but how the grandfathers of some of them used to live. This is like trying to revive people who are dying of thirst by showing them movies of people enjoying themselves under waterfalls and drinking water to their hearts' content from an abundance of springs.

In the last year or two we have been hearing of further efforts by the Education and Culture Ministry and the relevant departments of the World Zionist Organization and the Jewish Agency to restore to our children the sense of 4,000 years of Jewish continuity and of the unbroken history of the Jewish People in its homeland, Eretz Yisrael. They are ranging wide in their efforts, but it is not yet clear how deep. What is clear is that one of the most original efforts in this area is entirely a product of private initiative which, having been carried out, now has enthusiastic moral and material support from the Foreign Ministry's Information Department.

THE GAZA STRIP, which is considered a "natural" part of any "Palestinian state" that is to be set up or of any territorial "return to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan": In 1015 a Jew from Rafah (Rafiah) living in Egypt wrote a letter home which begins: "To our beloved Rabbi Solomon the Judge and the elders and the rest of the holy community who dwell in Rafah, may God preserve them..."

The year 1211 brought 300 rabbis

## Berl's letters

IGROT B. KATZNELSON 1921-1930 (Berl Katznelson's Letters, Vol. 5). Edited and annotated by Yehuda Brez. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. 304 pp.

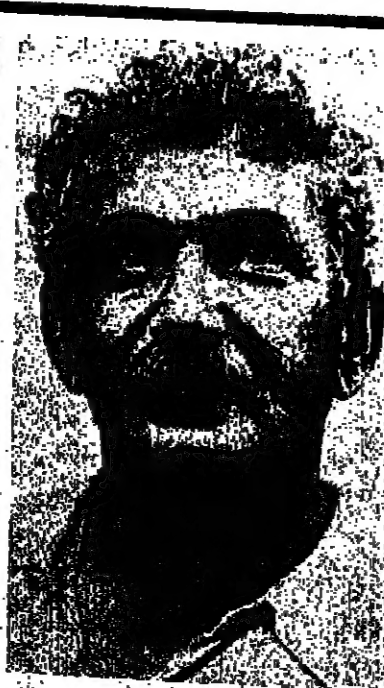
Stephen Weinstein

BERL KATZNELSON, the generally recognized spiritual father of the Zionist Labour movement, was not a public figure of the sort who conduct their correspondence with an eye for posterity, taking care to present their own picture of events. His letters, are, for the most part, matter-of-fact reports on the various missions he performed for the Labour Zionist movement and communications connected with these missions, with limited references to personal reflections. Thus, the volume under review is likely to disappoint readers expecting to find in it revelations about

the major happenings in Zionist life or about Katznelson himself in the decade it covers.

The first section contains letters written during Katznelson's sojourn in the U.S. from November 1921 to June 1922 on behalf of the Workers' Bank (Bank Hapo'alim). In this period Katznelson also kept a journal, written in the same style as his letters. He was impressed by the enthusiasm of some of the individuals he met in his exhausting cross-country campaign, but he was disappointed by the lack of organization on behalf of the Yishuv (the organized Jewish community in Eretz Yisrael) among the American Jewish workers' community, especially in New York, which was preoccupied by internal bickering.

The period 1922-1924 is covered by a small number of letters on miscellaneous prosaic matters. The third section (1925-1929) details technical aspects of Katznelson's work as first editor of "Davar". In the last, and most interesting, section (1930), Katznelson is again abroad, attending conferences and public meetings throughout Europe and participating, often reluctantly, in the seemingly endless internal



debates within the Zionist camp regarding the appropriate response to the Passfield White Paper of 1930.

before a public, although he usually made a favourable impression on the audience. And although he was willing to travel whenever necessary, he clearly preferred to remain at home.

The editorial notes, occupying about one third of the space, are kept in more reasonable bounds than in the previous volumes, edited by Yehuda Sharett. Nevertheless, the notes by Brez, while often providing necessary background material, sometimes elaborate on rather minor issues while leaving other matters unexplained.

The 11 volumes of Katznelson's collected writings remain the best source for understanding the man and his ideas, many of which still have something to say to the contemporary reader. Indeed, the fact that he expressed himself so articulately and extensively in his many articles may explain why Katznelson apparently felt no need to do so in his correspondence. It is to be hoped that when the publication of his letters is finally completed they will serve as the basis for an authoritative biography dealing with the meaning and impact of his life and teachings.

KATZNELSON, always worrying whether he was expressing himself clearly, never felt comfortable appearing



Jewish settlement in Eretz Yisrael in the 9th century.

have made a desert of it where it is scarcely possible to walk without fear. Even the Arabs who dwell there do so as temporary sojourners. They set their tents wherever there is pasture and seek refuge in the ruins of the towns. They did not create anything as they were in truth strangers, not masters of the Land. The spirit of the desert, which had brought them thither, could in the same fashion take them away again and leave nothing behind. God Who gave the Land of Israel to so many peoples did not permit one of them to settle and put down roots — undoubtedly He has preserved it for the People of Israel, for her stubborn sons, those who would in the fullness of days be the meek ones of whom it was said that they would inherit the earth."

This is only one example of many non-Jewish visitors to this land who over the centuries described its emptiness and told how its non-Jewish inhabitants treated it merely as a battleground or a way station, but not as a homeland.

I understand that the Foreign Ministry has bought up the entire first printing of 10,000 copies of "The Forgotten Generations," for distribution abroad. A second printing is now being made, and it will soon be on sale at Steimatzky's book stores. The publisher now also has German, French and Spanish editions in the works. I should like to assume that the Education and Culture Ministry is about to order a printing of tens of thousands of copies in Hebrew, in cooperation, perhaps, with the Zionist Council in Israel. Perhaps the World Zionist Organization's Organization and Information Department, too, some of whose emissaries abroad have done such a fine job of explaining, to Jews and non-Jews alike, the case for a Palestinian Arab state and the short-comings of Israeli society, will order many thousands of copies of "The Forgotten Generations," as the beginning of an attempt to explain to its clients the Jewish People's case for a homeland in its homeland, Eretz Yisrael.

Needless to say, this booklet does not tell the full story, but it gives a brilliant documentary outline.

# Wilson's view

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY by Colonel Sir Charles W. Wilson, 1880, released by Ariel Publishing Co., Jerusalem. 120 pp.

ALBUM OF PICTURES: For a Journey with Children in the Holy Land, 1849, released by Carta Ltd., Jerusalem.

Leah Abramowitz

SUDDENLY a rash of reproductions of books, reports, drawings, maps and engravings produced by 19th-century visitors to Eretz Yisrael has begun to appear. Of course, almost every Englishman — and other Europeans — who set foot in the "Holy Land" felt compelled to write about it — and at length. According to one source, more than 1,500 European pilgrims and explorers who visited Eretz Yisrael between 1800 and 1870 wrote at least two to three volumes each about their experiences. Since most stayed in Jerusalem for shorter or longer periods, we can safely assume there are 5,000 books around containing descriptions of the wonders of 19th-century Jerusalem.

"Jerusalem, the Holy City" is like a pearl amidst the dross of mediocre to bad specimens of such literature. It is a beautiful art book containing some 75 exquisitely executed steel and woodcut engravings which depict Jerusalem of 100 years ago. Generally one is amazed that things have changed so little inside the city walls. However, Robinson's Arch is very different today and Mount Zion is almost unrecognizable, and the sketches

of the vast open fields outside Jaffa Gate and of views from the hills around the city remind us how much human endeavour has accomplished in just one century.

Charles Wilson was one of the pioneer archaeologists of Jerusalem. His survey of the city in 1864-66 became the basis of all modern scientific explorations in Eretz Yisrael, and the famous giant arch to the left of the Western Wall is named after him (because he was the first to explore it, even though the Swiss Titus Tobler was the first to describe it, in 1848). The text accompanying the pictures is accordingly scholarly and, unfortunately, dry, with masses of historical and archaeological references that show us how well-versed Wilson was on the subject of ancient Jerusalem.

Occasional excursions bring relief from the text-book style. One outstanding example is the portrayal of the Holy Fire Ceremony in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Sunday by Dean Stanley. Another is Wilson's own surprisingly vivid description of the early-morning fruit and vegetable market:

"The butchers call out loudly, 'Oh every one that hath money, let him come and buy!' and 'Oh, such a one, come and buy.' The cry of the sellers of fruit appears to be more disinterested for they often say to a passer-by, 'Take of our fruit without money and without price!' but immediately afterwards they will ask him an exorbitant sum for it."

HOW DIFFERENT Wilson appears from his successor and colleague, Charles Warren, a



The cave in the Dome of the Rock from Wilson's "Picturesque Palestine."

rash, brash character, who took unbelievable risks in exploring the Temple Mount area and seemed to enjoy getting into trouble with the Turkish authorities. Warren's constant wrangling with the Pasha and the final show down are classic. His adventures descending into shafts always in danger of caving in, or travelling by raft along uncharted underground canals full of mud and water, are cases in point.

Wilson, in contrast, although only 28 years old at the beginning of his survey in Jerusalem, was always prim and proper. According to his friend and biographer, Charles M. Watson, Wilson made friends with the Ismet Pasha, with the other Europeans then in Eretz Yisrael, and, most importantly, with the Sheikh of the Holy Places "whose family had held the right of guardianship (of the Haram

area) since the time that Saladin recaptured Jerusalem from the Crusaders in the twelfth century." Thus Wilson was permitted to work without disturbance wherever he wanted. "I find much less difficulty than I expected in getting about to different places and from working quietly at first, have established a sort of right to go wherever I like and the inhabitants are now quite accustomed to see my head suddenly appearing out of wells and cisterns..."

IN KEEPING with his professionalism, Wilson gives us his theories about where the ancient city walls and gates were. He describes the types of graves and tombs one finds all around Jerusalem and discusses their historical significance. He waxes enthusiastic over the complex and

extremely sophisticated water-works, cisterns, pools, wells and aqueducts: "The whole work is a remarkable specimen of ancient engineering skill, and the labour bestowed on details excites the admiration of travellers."

Unlike other European scientists of his century, Wilson never ridicules Moslem traditions and customs, nor does he sneer at the theories and findings of other explorers.

Regarding the Jewish population which he found in Jerusalem, he clearly prefers the Sephardim over the Ashkenazim, being "fairly industrious and honest... far superior in culture and manners." He writes that the Ashkenazim are divided into two sects, "Peroshim (Pharisees) and Khasidim (Cabalists)... The former accept the Talmud whilst the latter believe also in the oral tradition and the transmission of souls, study the Cabala and in their religious worship sometimes run into wild excess."

He also goes into detail about the Christian communities and their main centres in the day.

The book's main attraction is the lovely engravings, and actually it is they that tell us more than Wilson's words about 19th-century Jerusalem.

THE "ALBUM OF PICTURES" is a reproduction of an 1849 Russian work. It is also quite interesting for the scenes depicted in it. The art work is less attractive, somewhat more attitudinal and there is no text at all, barely a title under each picture to identify the views. No word on the artist is included, nor any explanation why, of all the 5,000 volumes available, the publishers decided to reissue precisely this work. Carta, generally known for its beautifully produced maps and books, can — and no doubt will again — do better.

# Wonder World

BORNE ON THE WIND — The Extraordinary World of Insects in Flight, by Stephen Dalton. Chatto & Windus, London. 160 pp. £5.00.

Hadassah Gillon

THIS EXTRAORDINARY book is the product of Stephen Dalton developing three interests at the age of seven, which have continued to dominate his life ever since: insects, flight, and photography. The volume contains unique coloured shots, in a series, almost like the frames of a motion picture of insects taking off, flying, and landing: the text reviews not only the habits of Mr. Dalton's protagonists, but also analyzes the aerodynamics of their flight.

Many studies have been made for centuries of the flight of birds, from Daedalus through Leonardo da Vinci to our own day, yet nobody, Dalton points out, has tried to learn from insects, although they were the first creatures on earth to take to the air. They were flying long before birds and bats, though it may have taken more than 100 m. years for them to become truly airborne: their success as flying creatures has contributed to their survival.

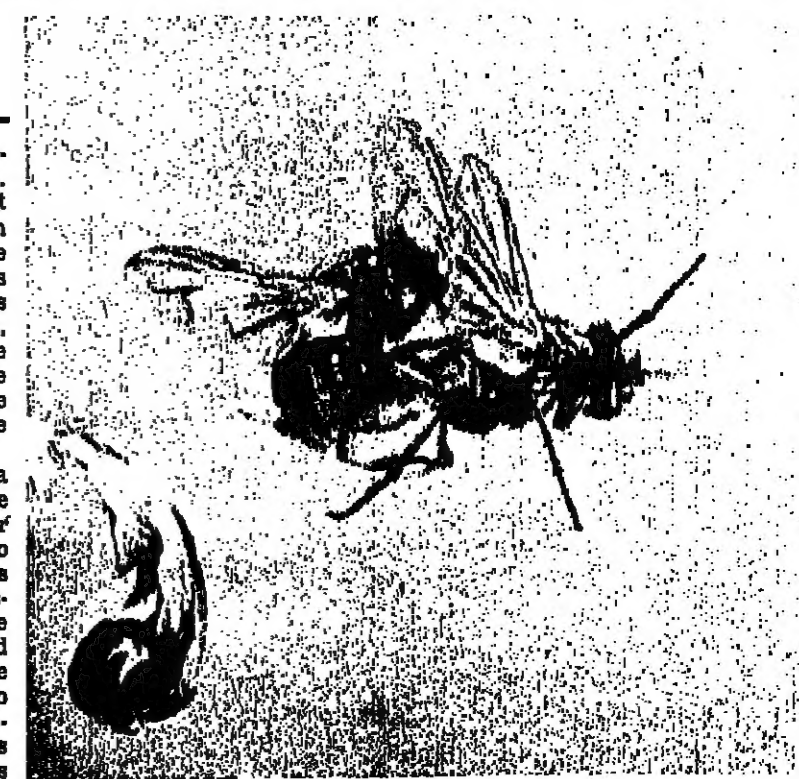
The supreme manoeuvrability of many insects cannot be explained in terms of simple aerodynamics, Dalton claims. They differ from birds in that "the wing surfaces, whether of the bee,

the dragonfly or other flying insects, have no muscular surfaces. They are merely super-efficient dynamic surfaces controlled from the thorax of the insect. The thorax is where the power comes from, the only power. The wings of birds are modified forelimbs, and so have a muscular structure of their own; insect wings have none whatever." As a result, the flight characteristics are quite different from those of birds.

The insect is more like a helicopter than a plane. A plane relies on the forward thrust of air flowing over its wing surfaces to produce lift. The insect uses movement of its wings; these oscillate, but in some ways can be compared to the power provided by the rotating propeller of the helicopter. An insect may have to beat its wings 1,000 times per second to remain airborne: bees have to land after only 15 minutes to replenish their energy sources with nectar.

There are two types of insects, those who get their energy from proteins, and those who get it from carbohydrates. Although fat serves as fuel for the majority of insects, butterflies and moths, for instance, feed on nectar, which they have to convert into fat for storage, while bees and flies use carbohydrates directly in the form of sugars.

To photograph these wonders, Dalton experimented with cameras. No camera available on the market was fast enough for his purpose. He managed to enlist



One of Stephen Dalton's superb photographs: houseflies mating in flight.

the help of Ron Perkins, of the Central Unit of Scientific Photography of the R.A.F. Perkins decided that the R.A.F. could not afford to invest in the experiments, but he agreed to do so personally in his spare time. They devised a multi-flash camera taking three images on the same frame.

The normal camera has a flash of about 1/20th of a second. They developed an electronic shutter with an opening time of 1/400th of a second. The insect flying through

a mirrored beam triggers the camera. He is still trying to do better.

The result of these activities is many thousands of wonderful photographs of bees, ladybirds, butterflies, dragonflies and other less exotic creatures taking off, landing, making love, flying. Dalton's book, written in an elegant prose embellished with quotations from poets and thinkers, will fascinate everyone interested in any of his three great passions.

# Seen it all

THE CARFITT CRISIS and Two Other Stories by J. B. Priestley, Heinemann, London, 195 pp. £2.90.

Aviva Even-Paz

WHERE IS the Priestley of yesterday? Perhaps a writer can't stop writing, just like a tap can't stop dripping, but something ought to be done about Priestley, whom we all loved and admired in his heyday — "The Good Companions," "Angel Pavement," "Bright Day," "Daylight on Saturday" — I imagine to many people these books corresponded to key periods of their own lives.

Priestley, of course, was always an uneven writer. Sometimes outrageously sentimental, flogging his time-themes, his revulsion against the rat-race of the technocrat society, but a natural storyteller with plenty of wit and enough disregard of the conventions to keep the reader going.

I found "The Carfitt Crisis" very heavy going. "Underground," the second story, is a warmed-over version of one of Priestley's pet gimmicks. The last story, "The Pavillon of Masks," is so truly awful that only a stern sense of duty pushed me on to the bitter end. All three centre on Priestley's overriding mania — the effect of time on our lives. But just like the aging actress who is always making just one last final appearance, we have seen it all before and better. The effect of time on Priestley is all too evident.



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## Contorted commune

**THE FLAME OF LIFE** by Alan Silitoe, W.H. Allen, London, 298 pp.

**Aviva Even-Paz**

BASICALLY a romantic, Alan Silitoe's major problem, which he tries to work out in his books, is how to live a life demanding physical and moral courage, ingenuity and imagination, in the relatively placid and orderly England of today. This is the theme he began to explore in "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," with its anti-hero hating the routine of factory work and marriage, and yet in the end being trapped by it.

"The Flame of Life" is the last of the trilogy which started with "The Death of William Posters" followed by "The Tree of Life." The three books chronicle the life and times of the Handley family, headed by Albert the brilliant and now successful artist, a sort of poor man's Augustus John, who has set up a miniature commune in the wilds of the Home Counties. Living in the commune also are Enid, Handley's wife and their seven children; one son-in-law; a friend, Frank Dawley, who tried to save his soul gun-running for the F.L.N. in Algeria; Dawley's wife Nancy and their two children. Dawley also succeeds in bringing his Jewish mistress Myra and their child into the commune without Nancy knowing about the relationship until late in the day. All this, plus two Spanish au-pair girls. A nice, rich brew.

But somehow the commune has gone wrong. "There wasn't much work to do, maybe that was the trouble. There were more willing hands than necessary, as well as dishwashers, vacuum cleaners, washing machines: a fully automated house run by as many people as if there were no gadgets at all. It was Handley's little plaything of a community, the modern doll's house of the selfish man complete with furniture and more people to play around with."

The central character of "The Flame of Life" is Cuthbert, Handley's eldest son, who is a failed priest. Not unnaturally he loathes the commune and thinks his father a phoney. The book is mainly concerned with his efforts to cause as much trouble as possible—which is not difficult, considering the circumstances. There is a decided note of melodrama when the girlfriend of Dawley's dead comrade in Algeria arrives in the commune with the covert intention of killing Dawley, who, she believes, enticed her lover to his death. There is a great deal about this and the dead comrade's notebooks which they all hope and believe will provide a sign-post to their future. But the notebooks turn out to be quite different from their expectations, to put it mildly.

There is also interestingly enough a very sardonic look at the woman's view of this whole set-up which may please women's libbers immensely. Just like everywhere else, not much has changed for the females. The men continue doing their own thing (which is often nothing very much) and the women garden, cook, clean and look after the children in time-honoured fashion. Frank's wife, who although uneducated, is no fool, leaves all this and remarries. Enid, Handley's wife, fed up with his neglect and selfishness, also leaves with a much younger man. (Despite her seven children, she never develops a potbelly or varicose veins.) Cuthbert finds happiness with the would-be murderess, and Frank and Myra get married. So everybody presumably gets his just deserts. And Frank, who is the real hero of the trilogy, perceives at last that raising and supporting a family is the true work of man. Interestingly, one of Handley's sons goes to live in a kibbutz "close to the Syrian border," learns Hebrew, marries one of the members, and stays in Israel.

I admire Silitoe because he has the guts to tear out his heart on paper and is not afraid of appearing ridiculous. One thing he proves, perhaps unwittingly, is that communes will not survive unless there is an external objective reason for their existence.



Author Alan Silitoe: a romantic.

## Corrupt crustacean

**THE VOICE OF THE CRAB** by Geraldine Halls. Constable & Co., London, 175 pp. £2.00.

**Simson Carlebach**

THE FIRST paragraph in this short and elegant novel ends with the sentence:

"Two scarlet hibiscus flowers, freshly picked from the hospital garden, decorated his hair, and in the black and yellow fibre bands on his upper arms sprigs of aromatic herbs nodded gracefully, giving a fantastic, feathery appearance to the long shadow that he cast before him on the sand."

These sinuous shifting rhythms add to a masterly display of tense drama, a tableau lyrical and expressive, which incites the imagination as well as the interest. Geraldine Halls writes beautifully indeed.

She is highly regarded for a trilogy of novels about Thailand and India, which are ranked alongside some of the works of E.M. Forster. She has also written good thrillers under the name of Charlotte Jay. In her new novel, she enters the South-Pacific islands territory of Somerset Maugham. Many of his characters are still around: the bitter British District Officer, the drunken, noble-hearted doctor, the frustrated couples, the coarse traders, all seeing too much — or too little — of each other, as the case may be. Ms. Halls ventures out on her own, however, when it comes to the effects of these entanglements on the natives and their primitive customs.

Anthropologically, she views native customs and rituals not as a stable and ordering element of primitive society; rather as a constantly growing and changing organic system which creates life out of boredom, meaning out of chaos. The white man's travesty is the disruption of these regenerative patterns from their self-contained progression — literally, a severing of the natives from their essential connections with the reality around them.

Watches disappear from white men's houses, an old chief lies in a smoke-filled hut willing himself to death, in the past a girl has been raped (to the natives, the most horrendous of crimes) and murdered, and it's all tied together by a "criminal" native receiving oracular messages from a crab. Ms. Halls spins the web of mysteries softly, with penetrating insight, and a remarkable command of narrative technique.

## Correction

In Abraham S. Hyman's review of "From the Diaries of Felix Frankfurter" (Jerusalem Post Magazine of Jan. 2), the following editorial and printing errors occurred:

It was said that Frankfurter had a "low estimate of Robert Taft as a leader." The reviewer was actually referring to President William Howard Taft.

It was said that Frankfurter's diary contains "notes of tensions and conflicts with the court." The notes were of tensions and conflicts "within" the court.

As a result of two lines of a column being out of place there are several phrases which were garbled. The portions involved should read:

Judge Julian Mack is a man "through whom experience passes without stopping"; and Richard Casey, British Minister of State for the Middle East, was innocent of any knowledge of Eretz Yisrael and of Jewish history.

With these portions transferred to their proper place, the third garbled phrase will be corrected and will read: "Lash's own explanation for Frankfurter's conservatism is that as an immigrant Jew... Frankfurter felt he had to act circumspectly."

# THAT'S THE TICKET

**Ephraim Kishon**

THE WAY everybody's got some foible, ours is that we can't turn off soccer. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weakly glued to "Mabat Sport" and its ilk, and we can never bring ourselves to switch the TV button before the final whistle. The hand simply boggles, just like with those dope addicts on t'other "Mabat."

We don't care if it's the cup replay between Arsenal and Tottenham, or the giants' contest between Ramatayim Hakoach and Savoyon Hapoel — it's all the same to us: as long as there's kicking on the box we can't flick that switch. We're not just passive bystanders either, oh no, we encourage the boys with hoarse shouts, and whenever inside-forward Victor (go-go-go) Falafel scores a goal with one tremendous scissor-kick, we leap to our feet at home and yell: "Attahoy!"

Still, our own emotional turbulence is as nothing compared to the feelings that sway Victor (go-go-go) Falafel in these, the happiest moments of his life. The man drops slowly to his knees, raises his wiry hands to heaven as much as to say — "We did it again, you and I!" — and his red eyes run with tears of bliss. Next his teammates rush up and scramble all over him till he almost goes went, and there follows a terrific hugging and kissing and mooching melee, while they play Beethoven's Ninth in the background, Glory, Hallelujah.... And that's what gets us.

THIS WRITER can in all humility boast of having countless achievements to his name: we won consolation prizes in this and that art, got married again and again, received a personal letter from Golda — yet for all that we can't for the life of us recall ever having experienced such pure ecstasy as that which grips Victor

In other words, every time a player trips up his fellow at the goal-line, half the world gets up and yells bastard-go-home the while pelting him with stones, bottles, and other household utensils; yet the very same audience won't lift a finger when the reader is hacked to bits on racial grounds in the middle of Dizengoff Square.

Again, the moment Victor (go-go-go) Falafel hurts his big toe he will stretch out flat on the grass like a moribund frog, and at once a bevy of doctors, trainers and masseurs comes and bends solicitously over his toes, and even the errant player whose foul it is will touch his back lightly as if to say, "I love you, Falafel." If, on the other hand, one of us plain citizens gets banged on the head till there's no more kick left in us, you can bet your life no one will bend over us and we can turn up our toes for all anyone cares....

Ergo, we should make the world into a football field.

REALLY, it does a man good just to contemplate those messianic days when the rules of football shall apply to everyday life. Think of it: the moment anyone offends against the law, up pops a black-clad judge and restores order with a blow of his whistle. We'd like to see referees sitting in our restaurants, promenading our promenades, and trotting beside our buses. In fact, it may well be the only way to stop this wave of violence. We actually look forward to the day when Rowdy will hit us a sock in the eye again as we queue up for a movie, and just as he's telling us to bugger-off-you we'll hear the whistle of the duty judge, who'll hold up a yellow ticket in Rowdy's face and tell him: "Next time I'll suspend you for a month!"

Yes, indeed. The protection racketeers will get a red ticket waved before their eyes, and as you can bet your life no one will bend over us and we can turn up our toes for all anyone cares....

Maybe we should give it a sporting chance, because for the moment at least we see no other solution.

Translated by Miriam Arad  
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv"

**WE'RE GOING OUT ON A LIMB WITH THIS ONE, BUT WE FEEL A CERTAIN 'ELAN' HERE AT THE DRY BONES STUDIOS, 'CAUSE TOMORROW'S TU B'SHVAT, THE NEW YEAR OF THE TREES**

**MOTTO OF THE J.N.F. ...**

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**ANS.**

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2. FERT TREE  
3. BARK TREE

**CEREMONIAL TREE PLANTINGS FOR TU B'SHVAT...**

**THE CHIEF RABBINATE**

**EGGED**

**THE POLICE**

**NIKUI ROSH**

**URI GELLER**

**THE TREASURY**

**ELAL**





Michael Avishai, chief university gardener and director of the Botanical Garden, examines plant in South Sinai section of garden.

(Werner Braun)

# COMPLETE GARDEN

Neither war, politics nor campus classroom planners could prevent Hebrew University botanists from assembling a complete living museum of the country's topography, ABRAHAM RABINOVICH writes.

there was pressure within the university to cover over the garden site with new buildings. This was finally rejected and the botanists under Prof. Fahn's direction set to work extending Elig's idea of geographical groupings to include the areas captured in the war.

TO RECREATE the Hermon, two hillocks were built and planted with sub-alpine vegetation. Between the hillocks a shallow depression was created to simulate those carved on the Hermon's slopes by pockets of melting snow eroding limestone. The "Hermon" fittingly abuts the Cedars of Lebanon section.

Aside from its interest to the general public, "there wasn't anybody in the country in 1949 over 8 years old who hadn't visited the garden," says Prof. Fahn. The garden is a research instrument of the first order and an important teaching tool. In addition, says Avishai, protected plants such as peonies and irises endangered in their native habitat by the encroachment of civilization could be propagated in the garden in large numbers and transplanted in the countryside.

The garden will provide an example for landscape architects in creating handsome ground cover using native plants requiring no outlay for irrigation. Avishai says there is more direct commercial application in propagating species for export ("Our native vegetation is very rich in spiced plants, probably richer than France or Italy.") and in developing harder rootstocks for roses and other flowers which likewise have a solid export potential.

THE GARDEN is still unfinished. Additional plant specimens and soil have to be brought from the Golan and Maale Adumim, and the Jordan River section has to be recreated, complete with ponds. Neither are there proper paths or explanatory signs. The botanists are looking for \$100,000 to complete the job and say they can do it within a year of getting the money.

Although the garden is closed to the general public, an invited guest can already make his way from Mount Hermon to Mount Sinai in seven-league boots along the top of Mount Scopus. (The effect is diminished by the ring road circling the top of Mount Scopus which cuts through the garden at its northern end, separating the cedars and "Mount Hermon" from the rest of the plantings.)

In the section representing the most desolate region of all — south Sinai — gardener Meir Chaouat recently broke a twig from a plant and let a visitor sniff its powerful and attractive scent. "The most aromatic plants in the country are from south Sinai," he said. A Beduin explained why to Chaouat when he was in Sinai gathering plants and rocks. God, according to Beduin legend, originally planned to give his law to the Jews in the sandy wastes of northern Sinai. The angels, however, protested that this was too plain a setting for such a momentous act. God then shifted the site to the imposing mountains of south Sinai. But something was still missing. Then, as God spoke, the rocks burst forth with sweet smelling plants.

If Israelis find themselves cut off again from Mount Sinai, they will still be able to contemplate that awesome chapter in their history by simply taking a 15-minute bus ride from the centre of Jerusalem to the top of Mount Scopus, armed with a sense of history and a bit of imagination.

In the enthusiasm of rebuilding the Scopus campus after 1967,

# Bypassing the 'rampists'

EVERYBODY'S talking or writing about it, and there is no way your marketing columnist can ignore the subject any longer. It's the business of wholesale and retail markets, the so-called "rampists" and the protection rackets, and how they supposedly affect the prices of vegetables and fruits we buy.

Over the past two weeks, I've had coffee and conversation with seemingly endless partners to the controversy — the Consumer Council, the Tel Aviv wholesalers and their Chamber of Commerce, the Ministry of Agriculture, the separate marketing boards for Fruits and for Vegetables, the Fruit Growers Association, supermarket buyers, and others.

Somewhere along the line of cups of coffee, it occurred to me as curious that none of these produce-promotion officers offers its visitors a glass of fresh juice or a bowl of tempting fruits — it would be an ideal public relations gesture.

Since my interest in the subject is from the viewpoint of the consumer, primarily the housewife, I shall try to present the outlines of the controversy and then suggest what the consumer can do to help herself and perhaps influence the market situation.

The driving force behind the "price gap" controversy is Moshe Shahal, Knesset Member (Labour), Chairman of the Israel Consumer Council (the governmental roof organization for other consumer groups), and a Haifa lawyer. He is a good-looking young man, born in Iraq, and educated in Israel, with a degree in economics as well as law. His opponents argue that his motives in the controversy are "political" — that he wants to make a name for himself in politics. I do not consider this, even if true, a disqualifying motivation. If it has roused public attention to a real problem of far-reaching public concern.

In a recent statement to the Knesset, Mr. Shahal stated that "in Israel today, the Israeli consumer pays for vegetables 10 and 15 times the price which the farmer receives." This would mean, for instance, that if we are charged IL2 a kilo for the long, dark cucumbers which are grown in hothouses at this time of year, the farmer is getting a mere 60 agorot a kilo, or less. If I can believe the official Vegetable Production and Marketing Board figures, the farmer is getting something like IL2 a kilo for these cucumbers, and his growing costs are high. We are paying around IL2.50 for them in the open-air markets, around IL5 in supermarkets, and IL6 or more at private greengrocers — but not IL20 a kilo. It is difficult to get a clear picture of the prices at various stages of the market route.

On behalf of the wholesalers, Messrs. Stolk and Feiner do not deny that there is such a concept as "rampists" in Israeli marketing terminology. However, their argument is that the heyday of the rampists is far behind us, that it was a phenomenon of several years back (just after the Six Day War) when agricultural products were in shorter supply and did not meet the market demands. In today's situation of agricultural abundance, they argue, there is virtually no work

cial transactions take place on these ramps.

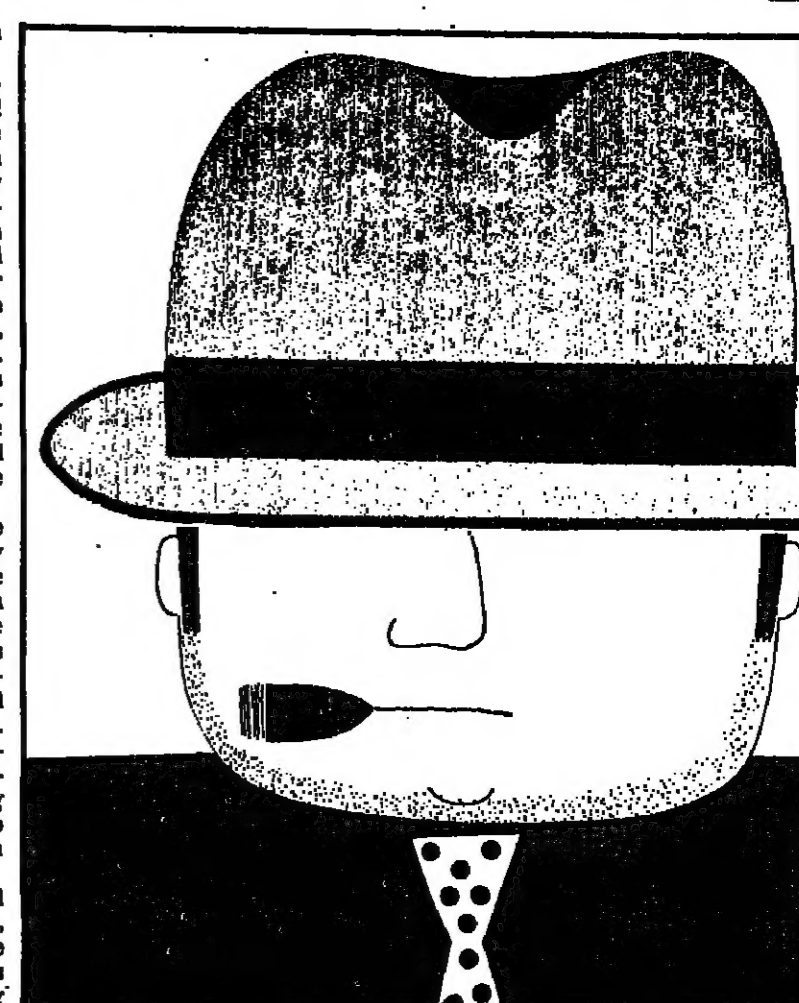
According to Mr. Shahal, rampists are men who hang around the wholesale markets, on the ramps, and corner the market in produce which is in short supply (because of the season, or temporary weather conditions), in order to force up its price and make quick profits for themselves, and for the wholesalers, who, he claims, cooperate with them. In Mr. Shahal's words, these rampists "put their hand" on a consignment of produce in order to freeze its sale for several hours, and afterwards release this produce for sale, at inflated prices.

Mr. Shahal claims that there are 15 rampists working actively today in the Tel Aviv wholesale produce market — the largest in the country, through which some 70 per cent of the nation's fruits and vegetables pass. This centralization of produce sales in Tel Aviv, by the way, is another of Mr. Shahal's complaints — on the obvious grounds that it adds unnecessary transport and handling costs to send so much produce into Tel Aviv and then back out again to other parts of the country.

In the large, but antiquated and over-crowded Tel Aviv market, there are some 80 licensed private wholesalers, plus Tnuva, which is the giant cooperative marketing arm of the growers themselves. Tnuva handles the marketing of some 70 per cent of the fruits in the country, and an average 40 per cent of the vegetables. Tnuva takes a marketing commission from the farmers of only 7 1/2 per cent on fruits, but 12 per cent on vegetables. The private wholesalers take a 12 per cent commission on both vegetables and fruits.

I MET WITH a representative of the Tel Aviv private wholesalers, Mr. Shlomo Stolk (whose firm is "Neshirim") at the offices of the Tel Aviv-Jaffa Chamber of Commerce, together with Mr. Ya'akov Feiner, who heads the Chamber's Department of Imports, Marketing and Economics. Contrary to their popular image today, the wholesalers do not give the impression of being "cannibals" or "Mafia bosses" — though obviously they have their axes to grind and interests to protect. They state — quite rightly, I think — that wholesalers have a legitimate place in the chain of marketing between farmer and consumer. The farmer's job is to grow things, and not to be concerned with the intricacies of selling, bill collecting, and so forth.

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## MARKETING WITH MARTHA

for rampists, and if a few appear now and then, their influence is marginal.

The wholesalers contend that buying at the Tel Aviv wholesale market is open to everyone, on a basis of supply-and-demand alone. They even invite individual consumers to come and buy crates or sacks of produce at wholesale prices, but suggest they come at non-rush hours (8 a.m. to 12 noon). The entrance is at Carlebach Street.

THE MINISTRY of Agriculture holds much the same attitude as the wholesalers on the concept of "rampists." At a recent press briefing, Ministry Director-General Reuven Elland estimated that no more than one per cent of produce passes through "rampists" — or less than 150 crates out of the 100,000 which are sold in Tel Aviv daily.

Furthermore, the Ministry describes "rampists" not so much as "produce scalpers," but as "secondary buyers" who fulfil a certain understandable, if questionably legal, function in the market chain. Many small retailers, hoteliers, and so forth do not want to get up before dawn to go to market themselves, so they send buyers on their behalf — who buy from wholesalers and resell to retailers, obviously taking a nice commission for this service.

So far as I understand the law, this is not strictly legal — as wholesalers are supposed to sell to retailers only, and not to "other

particular, charge too much, the authorities say. In an effort to influence retail prices, the Ministry of Agriculture introduced a Price-Reduction Campaign to which the big supermarket chains and some 170 private greengrocers belong. Under the plan, agreed prices are fixed weekly for basic fruits and vegetables in season, and moderate subsidies are given to those participating in the Campaign, called in Hebrew "Mivtsat Rosola."

Until such time as the Knesset Economic Committee makes its decisions — which one hopes will eventually be implemented, I have a few practical suggestions for my fellow-consumers:

• Try to concentrate on those vegetables and fruits which are in season at any given time. This is common sense in any market situation. You don't have to put cucumbers in your salad in mid-winter — and personally I find it a shame that the farmers waste valuable fuel to heat hot-houses so that our pampered public can have cucumbers in wintertime. Apples and pears come out of cold-storage nearly all year around, but most other produce has definite high and low seasons. You don't have to be an agricultural expert to know what's in season when. Just look at the price tags.

• As much as possible, patronize those shops which have joined the Reduction Campaign (Mivtsat Rosola). Obviously, you should expect good quality even at the lowered prices. Sometimes the hour of day you shop makes a difference. If your neighbourhood greengrocer does not belong to the scheme, try to persuade him to join — and warn you might take your business elsewhere.

• If you can make the effort, shop at least occasionally in an open-air market. Many consumers find the outdoor markets intimidating at first — because of the overwhelming variety of choices and the fear (usually groundless) of "being cheated." If you shop outdoors, hand-pick the produce yourself. Choose a little more than you estimate will weigh a kilo — that way the seller cannot toss in a few rotten pieces to round out the weight.

Incidentally, after all the talk about "protection money" allegedly paid by pedlars in the markets, I am fascinated that they can sell so cheaply! Perhaps, indeed, it is because they pay no income tax — or maybe they are more energetic or efficient than the neighbourhood greengrocers.

• If you object to carrying heavy bags of produce, invest in a shopping cart on wheels. Whether you go to market by car or bus, the cart will make it easier. Also, you will be less tempted to order from the corner greengrocer and ask him to deliver. You can also save the supermarket delivery fees.

Just a final note: Whether Mr. Shahal succeeds in proving all his points or not, the very fact that he has brought a number of important issues to the attention of the public and the Knesset has been a tremendous public service on his part. Even if things are only half as bad as he says, they are bad enough. Martha Meisels







# Unfulfilled livdon

THE PLAY opens with Croom, the met, sleeping off a plane. He is met by his mother whom he addresses in this fashion:

"I wasn't successful abroad, mother. I didn't make money and I didn't become happy. I didn't have a good time, I didn't get ahead. I didn't get married. I didn't become engaged and I didn't meet anybody. I didn't buy anything, I didn't bring anything. All I have in this suitcase is old linen and toilet things. That's it, I told you everything, and now I want you to leave me alone."

This opening speech of Hanoch Levin's new play, *Croom*, now at the Herta and Paul Amiria Theatre, sets the theme. What happens in the next few hours is development of a mutual admiration society — the exodus of North Africa involved courage, sagacity, nerve and dedication of the highest order comparable to the qualities displayed by emissaries in the much better known rescue of European Jews.

The horrifying revelations by one participant of the tortures he suffered at the light-hearted hands of the Moroccan police — while he was hanging by his arms in anguish, they played football around him — were an indication of how high the price paid for discovery was.

Nevertheless, the general tone of most people was one of self-doubt, tortured introspection, self-analysis, community analysis — it was more like a discussion about *aliya* at a meeting of Young Judeans in the United States.

One of the issues raised was why the rich Moroccan Jews and the intelligent preferred Paris to Kiryat Shmona, as if this was a unique trait among the North Africans. A similar attitude has been manifest among all rich Jews and Jewish intellectuals, with occasional exceptions, since the *aliya* in the last century. Personally, I wouldn't mind at all being rich in Israel — I think that the wealthy can live very well here, better than anywhere else — but I

to test this still nourish some of the saddest aspect of the not that their hopes I naught or are bound ocean Jew, nature of those hopes, who had are spiritually and has now stricken, they live in where he so shallow that they astray of the only the most banal cat he had a Croom dreams on and a love women, of a life of luxury made by a brilliant enough he was writer. Not that he had days, he write — for all we a man out of never even tried his eyes — "No, trade; it is the giant the victim the money which app what's the And at the age of forty that time know perfectly well (nstein es will come of it.

Anyway, what was Sabag doing in Israel now? He didn't really know. After the Six Day War he did some deep thinking. He ridiculed the idea that Moroccans are not absorbed into Israeli society — there is no such animal as Israeli society, he declared, there are Poles and North Africans and Russians and born Israelis. "If you want a problem, you find it," he concluded. That's how he saw the Moroccan absorption problem — self-created.

In all this discussion, we rather lost sight of the heroine, who was sitting at the side of the stage rather like Topsy in an old-fashioned stage version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It took the Minister of Agriculture, Aharon Uzan, to remind everyone that the programme was supposed to be about her. As for whether the Moroccan Introspection was warranted, he blamed them for focusing attention on their bad qualities: why did they not talk all the time about their achievements? Again, I was reminded of Jews discussing Jews in the Diaspora.

So back to neglected Hanita. We saw her in Africa, but again the show was stolen from her — this time by Major Maggie, who, it turned out, was also a Moroccan.



Ingmar Bergmann's Comedy "All These Women" on Wednesday, 10.00.

but who, as somebody said rather indignantly, looked just like an Ashkenazi. We gathered that Hanita held violent political opinions, which she generally expressed at the drop of a hat — but she never got a chance to tell us what these are, which is a pity. We saw, whom Hanita moved from the fields of Degania, in the process of painting finger nails and toenails, and to give up her Vera seemed to think so, and she was the person most concerned, apart from the spectators.

Then we had grim insights into life in Kiryat Shmona: Joseph Shitreet, who lost all but one child in his family, in a terrorist attack, complained with justice about the neglect of the town. Yoasi Sarid, M.K., now living for the second year with his family in Kiryat Shmona, made a most impressive and sincere contribution to the discussion. He described Hanita as Israel's secret weapon, a one woman committee of action.

Altogether, it was one of the best programmes in the series, with the sugar of sentiment more than compensated for.

A VERY promising new programme has been introduced as part of the Youth Programme

"Byways," run by Ori Dvir, in which family teams compete in knowledge about Israel. This week the subject was Caesarea. I must confess that I found the rules of the competition and the scoring system difficult to follow, but the travelogue was very interesting, and the competitive aspect gave it just that spice which such programmes need. Also, somebody was getting money for nothing, and, as I have indicated earlier, we all love that, even if we're not the party directly concerned. So did one of the boys: at the end, Ori Dvir announced that he understood the winner was waving his IL420 — quick as a flash, ignoring a paternal admonition, the boy cried, "Oh, no, I'm not!" And quite right he was, too. Another good offering for the young was "Wonder Pot," with children prattling artlessly while cooking things for Tu B'Shvat: it was all very natural. And then we had a first-class entertainment programme from the Jerusalem Theatre, which, I hope, holds promise of more such to come. Whatever became of those marvellous shows like "Lo!" ("Chicken Coop") that Ralph Lerner and others used to produce?

I WILL BE told, of course, that there is no budget for such extravaganzas nowadays: Israel Television, like all of us except the Ministry of Religious Affairs, has had to tighten its belt. But the analysis of *Nikolai Resh* brought to light the fact that those strange so-called "service broadcasts," in which we are urged not to drop ourselves or get run over or litter our parks, but to give our blood to Magen David Adom and our money to Mifal Hapayis, are really disguised advertisements, for which Israel Television is getting a secret rake-off.

In a country where so many things are run by government, it is hard to distinguish between private advertising and public service. Once the principle of advertising has been inculcated, why not have two channels, one in colour, devoted to pleasure, and financed by adverts, the way the Jordanians do?

Incidentally, a beautiful little bird has whispered in my ear that Jordan is planning to introduce Hebrew captions to its foreign language films. Colour and captions! There's a challenge for Israel. Will we measure up to it?

## Arbour day

THREE THOUSAND orange saplings were destroyed at a place called Miskah, near Kalkilya, and 100 four-year-old trees were uprooted at Ra'anana, according to a report in this paper, June 8, 1986, a copy of which I happen to have, for some reason or other. (The same issue reports the jailing of 12 IRA members in Dublin and announces Arie — then Erich — Sachs accompanying at the piano in Jerusalem.)

Trees were a popular target of the Arab terrorists of those days. They have since matured from this form of juvenile delinquency into full-blooded crime.

As a consequence, a senior official with patronage and funds at his disposal can divert them to a particular village. The fact that the money is not his, but yours and mine and, chiefly, our brothers' abroad, does not seem to perturb him.

ARBOUR DAY has been celebrated in Israel since Bible times — and perhaps before — at a time when deciduous trees are at their nadir. Seemingly moribund, their veins are in fact throbbing with rebirth. With the people of Israel, too, apparent near-extinction presages a burst of creativity. The crushing yoke of Egyptian slavery was unshouldered and, arms straight, Israel took on the yoke of self-discipline and became a nation. The destruction of the Second Commonwealth led to an inner strengthening of Judaism. Out of the Holocaust the Jewish State was reborn.

Is it possible to see in our present situation, when corruption and thuggery have sprung up like wild thorns to choke our garden, and threaten to reduce it to the social wilderness that degrades our neighbours, can we see in this a nadir from which we can only rise, if we take ourselves, and our mattocks, in hand?

## BIBLICAL BYWAYS

L. I. Rabinowitz

## Missing morale

THE RABBIS make a point of stressing that the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage came at what might be called the 50th minute of the 12th hour. They were at the end of their tether, their spirit almost completely crushed under the burden of the hard labour deliberately imposed on them with this aim in view. They even go so far as to say that, had the deliverance been postponed a mere two years, it would have been too late.

It is therefore as a rabble of broken, depressed, undisciplined, emancipated slaves that we have to regard them; and we must treat them with corresponding sympathy and understanding. Much of their further history is explained by that generation's being doomed to die in the wilderness because of lack of spirit.

This evaluation is reinforced by one sentence — especially considering its context — in the Torah portion of this week. The first verse of the portion tells us that the people were in no state to fight a war should they be faced with armed opposition, and for that reason they were led by a roundabout route, "lest the people repent when they see war and return to Egypt."

Then comes the verse which sounds like an unconnected interpolation breaking the continuity of the narrative: "And the Children of Israel went up fully armed from Egypt."

MANY are the interpretations given to this verse and many the reasons for its inclusion. But in fact it is central to an understanding of the vital lesson the Bible wishes to teach. It removes the one honourable and justifiable reason for their reluctance and inability to fight should war be forced upon them — the excuse that they had no arms, or were inadequately equipped.

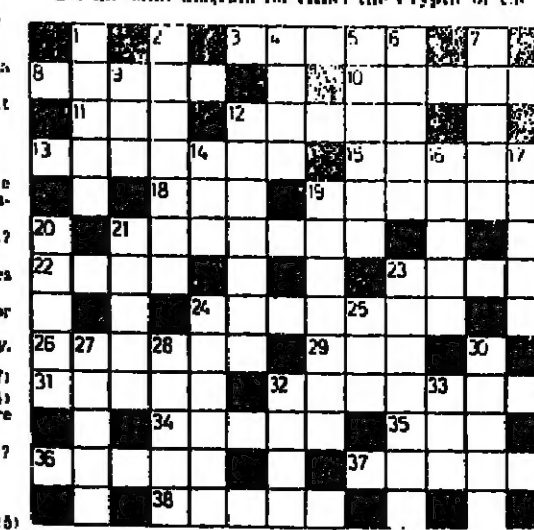
But all the armaments in the world are ineffective when moral fibre is lacking. It was the heart to fight which was wanting, not the means. It is an early lesson of the vital importance of what we now call morale.

## TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Cryptic or the Easy puzzle.

### CRYPTIC PUZZLE

1 One's fair way from being a gentleman (5)  
2 One way to get fresh that may be forty (5)  
3 Strike an artist softly (5)  
4 Right in the middle of the plot, somehow, there's danger (5)  
5 Doorkeeper of an RA joint? (7)  
6 Sky swallowing some berries seems funny (5)  
7 On the head, a cure for water on the brain? (3)  
8 Again, but distinctly, then carry on (6)  
9 Flashy things to carry? (7)  
10 Full Hal round the head (4)  
11 There's only me at half fare (4)  
12 Can it raise buckets of flour? (7)  
13 Hat's porridge (6)  
14 Fill the bread basket (3)  
15 Excellent puns, possibly (5)  
16 Much magazine (7)  
17 Mill with waves (5)  
18 A good all-round timber (3)  
19 Her father gets little admission (5)  
20 At the piano, he may sound monotonous (5)  
21 Kind of thief to take a snake? (5)  
22 The odd street light (3)  
23 Topical adverb, center? (7)  
24 Too many bills? (4)  
25 Benjamin Britten's Peter (5)  
26 Richness of colour (3)  
27 When it breaks, there's much disturbance (5)  
28 Superstition somewhat tyrannical (3)  
29 Sound crop ready to eat (7)  
30 Black soldier (5)  
31 His measures are authoritative (5)



### EASY PUZZLE

1 Worth (5)  
2 Limp (7)  
3 Animal den (4)  
4 Brief downpour (5)  
5 Piece of turf (5)  
6 Meat tender (7)  
7 Motionless (5)  
8 Clamshell (3)  
9 Vehicle (5)  
10 Interferer (5)  
11 Curd meat (3)  
12 Love dearly (5)  
13 Cloth (5)  
14 Sailor (7)  
15 Follows (5)  
16 Intelligence (5)  
17 Ignited (3)  
18 Farm animals (5)  
19 No score (3)  
20 Goes behind (7)  
21 Wooden shoe (5)  
22 Before (3)  
23 Board game (5)  
24 Unexperienced (5)  
25 Measure of length (4)  
26 Metal source (5)  
27

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: Across—1. Reg-a-hd. 7. Heat Marriage. 4. Palace. 10. Mith. Wave. 8. Garret. 10. Stems. 12. Sil. 15. Leth. 16. Mith. 17. E-mil. 18. E-mil. 19. Run. 21. P.O.M. 22. E-mil. 23. One-H. 24. Mith. 25. Bams. 26. Late. 27. Mith. 28. E-mil. 29. Mith. 30. Mith. 31. Mith. 32. E-mil. 33. A-Ware. 34. Bond. 35. A-Ware. 36. Pamphlet. 37. Mith. 38. Mith. 39. Mith. 40. Mith. 41. Mith. 42. Mith. 43. Mith. 44. Mith. 45. Mith. 46. Mith. 47. Mith. 48. Mith. 49. Mith. 50. Mith. 51. Mith. 52. Mith. 53. Mith. 54. Mith. 55. Mith. 56. Mith. 57. Mith. 58. Mith. 59. Mith. 60. Mith. 61. Mith. 62. Mith. 63. Mith. 64. Mith. 65. Mith. 66. Mith. 67. Mith. 68. Mith. 69. Mith. 70. Mith. 71. Mith. 72. Mith. 73. Mith. 74. Mith. 75. Mith. 76. Mith. 77. Mith. 78. Mith. 79. Mith. 80. Mith. 81. Mith. 82. Mith. 83. Mith. 84. Mith. 85. Mith. 86. Mith. 87. Mith. 88. Mith. 89. Mith. 90. Mith. 91. Mith. 92. Mith. 93. Mith. 94. Mith. 95. Mith. 96. Mith. 97. Mith. 98. Mith. 99. Mith. 100. Mith. 101. 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